

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## AD NOVAM.

Oh, well it is that time flies high  
In space beyond our viewing.  
Or snared by us, his wings would beat  
In wrath to our undoing.

And well that all the marching hours  
No footprints leave behind them,  
Or backward we should turn our steps  
To seek, but never find them.

This golden noon no shaft of light  
From yesterday may borrow;  
The feast is only spread to-day—  
There is a fast to-morrow.

*Filson Young.*

## THE CHANCE.

Words wander like motes  
Across your hideous sea  
Of yelling mouths and straining, hairy  
throats;

O'er fists shaken so threateningly,  
That make a storm to dumb the  
voice of me.

My frail unheeded message floats.

I've walked about the town and by the  
sea,

Through hoary years and years  
aglow with youth;

You call my hopes the spawn of wiz-  
ardry,

And all my uttered dreams meet  
rage and ruth,

And no one in the world believes in me.

The need, the chance, the time  
Merge, that peculiar genius may climb  
Triumphantly abreast

Of History's mightiest.

But when the need, the chance, and the  
time come,

Their prophet lies deep in the old earth  
numb.

Oh, not the man is great, but the Time  
cries

And he who struggles first unto her  
feet

She crowns his forehead and anoints  
his eyes,

Gives him the heart to meet

Yon scoffers with bright smiles, and  
true and strong

Makes she his voice; upon those lips  
she sets

The token of her Chosen Ones and  
song

Pours from his soul, poignant, with  
no regrets.

But many know the prophet's hungry  
day

And all the prophet's trials and re-  
gret,

Whose sorrow often bids them turn  
and say:

"She has not called; our Time has  
come not yet.

So must our truths retire.

Spurned, from the world of men,  
Till some new Moment strike the  
thought to fire

And folk look down the years and  
love us then—

Us who have worked the dark,

To whom our ardor gave the look  
of fools,

Haranguing in the byway and the  
park;—

Us—unknown Wisdom's tools."

Having not heard my moment calling  
me,

All my desires troop back to old  
romance!

So feeble grown am I

That she could pass me by,

My heart's dreamed one, my soul's  
soft-footed Chance,

And ears would never hear, nor eyes  
not see—

Dulled so with straining forth eter-  
nally,

So feeble grown am I.

But when She comes—(ah, will she  
ever come?)

And whispers in your hearts the  
things I say,

You will cry each to each: "One  
passed this way

And spake just thus; but now his lips  
are numb,

Sealed with the wicked earth; but had  
we known

How deeply true his lore, then not  
alone,

Unfriended to the Vast

Had the great spirit passed—"

And so on—ah, Some-day!

*Furnley Maurice.*

*The Spectator.*

## JOHN DELANE AND MODERN JOURNALISM.\*

Journalists have been described as the Sophists of modern life; and, within certain limits, the parallel may be said to hold good. By a "journalist" we mean a man who seeks to influence public opinion in this direction or that through the columns of a daily or a weekly paper, not the invaluable and indispensable person who purveys "news," properly so-called, and the data upon which "the policy of the paper" is based. Bearing this in mind, and remembering that the proprietor, the editor, and the leader-writer are not absolutely independent of one another, but represent in most cases a combination cemented by "the policy of the paper," we can trace, not unprofitably, the parallel between the typical Athenian Sophist and the typical English journalist.

Let us note first that the prototype and the counterpart are only possible under a system of government which recognizes and protects an absolute freedom of thought and expression of opinion. Further, let us admit, on the one hand, that the Sophists, as a class, did not exercise the corrupting influence attributed to them by Aristophanes and by Plato in the more Socratic passages of the various dialogues in which they are introduced; and, on the other, that they were not always the disinterested advocates of political and social reform that Grote represented them to be. Grote, in his passionate admiration—idolatry would hardly be too strong a word—for democracy in all its forms, and especially in its Athenian form, is naturally prone to exaggerate; but, when he says (ed. 1888, vol. vii, p. 30)

It was the blessing and the glory of Athens that every man could speak out his sentiments and criticisms with a freedom unparalleled in the ancient world, and hardly paralleled even in the modern, in which a vast body of dissent both is, and always has been, condemned to absolute silence,

the exaggeration is pardonable. England, it is said, is governed by talk; and, when we remember that the Sophists were the immediate heirs of the teachers of rhetoric and dialectic, we perceive how real the parallel is. That there were some Sophists whose doctrines and methods were elevating and beneficial, and others whose influence was pernicious, is as true as the truism that there are some newspapers which instruct and enlighten their readers, and others which tend, deliberately or unconsciously, to lower the tone of public opinion. There is not more difference between the best journal of the day—whichever that may be—and the worst, than there was between Isocrates and Thrasymachus as depicted in the first book of the "Republic." It must be borne in mind that Plato himself, as he becomes more Platonic and less Socratic, changes his attitude towards the Sophists. In the earlier books of the "Republic" they are charged (as indeed was Socrates himself) with being the corrupters of society, while in the later they are described as the products of a society which was itself corrupt, and invoked the aid of intellectual drugs to stimulate its depravity. One or other of these views is taken by pessimists with regard to journalism. It is said, for instance, that newspapers have created

\* 1. "John Thadæus Delane, Editor of the 'Times'; his Life and Correspondence." By A. I. Dasent. Two vols. London: Murray, 1908.

2. "The Great Metropolis." By James Grant.

First series, vol. II. Third edition. London: Saunders and Ottley, 1838.

3. "The Government of England." By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two vols. London: Macmillan, 1908.

a craving for sensationalism, or that, finding this morbid appetite in existence, they have pandered to it. This criticism is at best a gross exaggeration when applied to seriously conducted newspapers, but it indicates a real danger to which we will presently revert.

To continue the examination of our parallel: the object of the Sophists, as it is set forth by Isocrates, was to teach young men "to think, speak, and act" with credit to themselves as citizens. If for "youth" we substitute the English political equivalent "un-trained," the motto of Isocrates is one which all serious journalists would gladly adopt. It is worth while to recall a passage from the criticism of Grote's History which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" (No. clixv), cited by Grote in a footnote (vii, 80) as "able and interesting."

"It is enough here to state" (said the reviewer) "as briefly as possible the contrast between Mr. Grote's view and the popular representation of the Sophists. According to the common notion, they were a sect; according to him, they were a class or a profession. According to the common view they were the propagators of demoralizing doctrines, and of what from them are termed 'sophistical' argumentations. According to Mr. Grote, they were the regular teachers of Greek morality, neither above nor below the standard of the age. According to the common view, Socrates was the great opponent of the Sophists, and Plato his natural successor in the combat. According to Mr. Grote, Socrates was the great representative of the Sophists, distinguished from them only by his higher eminence and by the peculiarity of his life and teaching. According to the common view, Plato and his followers

were the authorized teachers, the established clergy of the Greek nation, and the Sophists the dissenters. According to Mr. Grote, the Sophists were the established clergy, and Plato was the dissenter, the Socialist who attacked the Sophists (as he attacked the poets and the statesmen), not as a particular sect, but as one of the existing orders of society."

These irreconcilable judgments find their echoes to-day in the extreme views taken by different schools of the value and the dangers of the press. It will probably be recognized that while, as regards both Sophists and journalists, the views referred to are exaggerated, the favorable opinion stands, in both cases, nearer the truth than does the other.

One of the charges levelled against the Sophists—a charge especially damaging in a cultivated democracy resting upon slave-labor—was that they took money, often large sums, for teaching. It was "banausic," and in the eyes of Socrates and Plato it was simony or worse to sell "the true, the beautiful, the just."<sup>1</sup> Down to the very eve of the Victorian epoch there was the same disposition to regard paid journalism with the same aversion as a vocation not fit for gentlemen. We find this fact very explicitly stated by Mr. Grant, himself a working journalist, who was responsible for a dozen volumes or so of "chatty gossip" in the thirties of the last century. His judgments do not perhaps amount to much, though he, a Liberal in politics, anticipated a great future for Disraeli when the *conoscenti* believed him to be a spent squib; but his value as a contemporary witness is unquestionable. We shall have several occasions for

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Rhys Davies reminds us that in the sixth century B. C., just before the birth of the Buddha, there existed in India teachers called the "Wanderers," who resembled in many ways the Greek Sophists. Like them, they differed much in intelligence, earnestness and honesty. Some are described as "cel-wrigglers, hair-splitters," and this not with-

out reason. But there must have been many of a very different character. . . . So large was the number of such people that the town communities, the clans and the rajas vied one with another to provide the Wanderers with pavilions, meeting halls, and resting-places, where conversations or discussions could take place. ("Early Buddhism," p. 4.)



drawing from his reservoir. In a volume dealing with "the Newspaper Press," he tells us that

the character of the newspaper press of the metropolis has been greatly raised within the last quarter of a century. Before that time no man of any standing, either in the political or literary world, would condescend to write in a newspaper; or, if he did, he took special care to keep the circumstance as great a secret as if he had committed some penal offence of the first magnitude. Now, the most distinguished persons in the country not only often contribute to newspapers, but are ready to admit it, except where there may be accidental reasons for concealment. ("Great Metropolis," vol. II, p. 164.)

He adds that in his day

the great majority of (Parliamentary) reporters have enjoyed the advantages of a university education, and many of them belong to the learned professions. Several of those at present in the gallery have been educated for the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Church of Rome. Some of them have been regularly ordained, and have only been induced to turn their attention to reporting because they have no immediate prospect of obtaining a respectable living in the Churches to which they respectively belong. Among the reporters are several physicians and surgeons; while a very large proportion of them are either barristers-at-law or young men studying for the bar (ib. p. 204).

He cites a long list of distinguished persons who had been reporters in their day, including, of course, Dr. Johnson, whose avowal that he always "took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of the argument," mightily shocks Mr. Grant's professional conscience. Amongst the successors of Johnson he names Sir James Mackintosh, Allan Cunningham, and others; and amongst his own contemporaries he picks out Charles Dickens,

already author of "Sketches by Boz" and the "Pickwick Club," who "is a reporter on the establishment of the 'Morning Chronicle,'" and of whom Mr. Grant says:

I may here be permitted to remark that Mr. Dickens is one of the most promising literary young men of the present day. For an exquisite perception of the humorous he certainly has no superior among contemporary writers.

He further tells us that "almost all the editors of the daily papers have been reporters." John Delane served an apprenticeship in "the gallery"; and his predecessor, Barnes, had been a reporter. Stenography has caused reporting to be more professional than in those days, when we are told:

Some years ago not more than about a fourth part of the reporters used shorthand; of late the number has increased, and now perhaps one-third of them use it. On the "Times" and "Herald" there are gentlemen who cannot write a word in shorthand, and yet they are considered the most elegant reporters in the gallery (ib. p. 208).

In a still more important respect the gravamen against Athenian Sophists and modern journalists is identical. The most serious charge against the former—and it was the chief count in the indictment against Socrates himself—was that of "making the worse appear the better reason."<sup>2</sup> That is the commonplace charge against all advocates in the senates, the schools, the courts, and the press. "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is other people's doxy"; or, as a well-known and a recently deceased Oxford lecturer used to put it, "When anything unpleasant happens to a friend we call it a visitation; when it befalls an enemy we say

<sup>2</sup> Isocrates, referring to his accuser, says (Or. xv, § 15): οὐν δὲ γέλοι μέν ὡς ἐγὼ τοὺς ἡττοὺς λόγους κρείττους δύναιμι ποιεῖν.

it is a judgment." Till there is a general agreement as to what is "right" and what is "wrong," or, more important still, what opinions and actions are to be excluded from both categories, it is idle to attribute dialectical defeat to the diabolical "sophistry" of the successful advocate.

Upon the wider issues involved it is here unnecessary to trespass; it suffices to glance briefly at the narrower application of the charge of sophistry to political journalism; and when we talk of journalism as a curse or a blessing we all mean political journalism. Of course it is not journalism as such that is specifically arraigned, but the whole system of party government, to which system party newspapers are auxiliary. Leading articles expounding the policy of the paper are denounced as onesided and partisan. Of course they are, exactly to the same extent as are the speeches of most statesmen, of polemical divines, and, above all, of counsel learned in the law, in the discharge of their recognized duties as handmaids of justice. Nowhere is the case better stated than by Prof. Lawrence Lowell in his invaluable work, recently published, on "The Government of England."

"In the English system" (he says) "the initiative in most matters of importance has come into the hands of the Cabinet Ministers as the representatives and leaders of the predominant party. It is their business to propose and it is the business of the Opposition to oppose. But the attitude of the latter is not quite spontaneous. On rare occasions it congratulates the Government upon some action which it supports heartily. More commonly it seeks to criticize everything, to find all imaginable faults. Impotent to legislate, it tries to prevent the majority from doing so; not content with expressing its views and registering a protest, it raises the same objections at every stage in the passage of a Bill, and sometimes strives to delay and

even to destroy measures which it would itself enact if in power. Its immediate object is, in fact, to discredit the Cabinet. Now this sounds mischievous, and would be so were Parliament the ultimate political authority. But the parties are really in the position of barristers arguing a case before a jury, that jury being the national electorate; and experience has shown, contrary to the prepossessions of non-professional legal reformers in all ages, that the best method of attaining justice is to have a strong advocate argue on each side before an impartial umpire. Unfortunately the jurymen in this case are not impartial, and the arguments are largely addressed to their interests; but that is a difficulty inseparable from democracy, or indeed from any form of government" (i, 445).

As Mr. Lowell truly says, "Government by party is not an ideal regimen," but at present it has no rival or alternative; and, so long as the party system prevails, its factors, good and bad, including oratory and journalism, will be obnoxious to the charges brought against the Sophists. As to the individual journalist, who is supposed to write persistently against his own convictions, we believe him to be a myth. Grant, it is true, mentions the case of a long since defunct Tory paper, of which both editor and assistant-editor, who wrote all the articles between them, were confirmed Radicals. Such cases, however, must in the nature of things be rare. It is imaginable that a capable journalist should now and again write articles in flat contradiction to his own political creed; but it is inconceivable that any man should or could habitually write good articles against his settled convictions. Writing under the conditions imposed by modern journalism, a man who persistently used arguments he held to be false would always be tripping himself up. The popular delusion arises from the fact that some journalists

who command a ready pen have, like many other people, no strong political convictions at all; and these usually imbibe "principles" from the atmosphere of the office in which they work. Added to this are the facts, often ignored, that at least four-fifths of controversial political problems involve no questions of "right" or "wrong," though the words are very ready to slip from tongue and pen; and that the claims of "expediency" are frequently so nicely balanced that considerations much less weighty than partisan prejudice and the policy of the paper suffice to turn the scale in the judgment of the proprietor, editor, or leader-writer.

To sum up this aspect of journalism, it may be said that the average journalist, like the average sophist, the average statesman, and the average man of business, accepts the recognized rules of his calling, is desirous of doing good and not evil, and plays a more or less essential part in the complicated machinery of government. He is not better than his neighbors, nor is he worse; he has his own temptations and his own responsibilities, just as others have theirs. His power for good or evil is theoretically great, but in practice it is strictly limited. He is neither the savior of society nor its destroyer, but its servant; and, if the master delegates to him his authority, the principal is to blame and not the agent. He is rarely the originator of new ideas, and when he essays that task he almost invariably comes to grief; he is the conduit-pipe which distributes the fluid opinions he accumulates in reservoirs, but does not create.

If, then, there is little or nothing morally to distinguish journalists as a class from members of any other vocation which depends chiefly on brain-power, what is to be said of the individual journalist? Is "the great journalist," like the artist, the philosopher, the poet, born and not made, the

product of exceptional conditions of national life, as were the Greek tragedians, the Augustan, the Elizabethan, and the "Revolutionary" poets? Or is he as little rare as are first-class physicians, lawyers, and men of business? The unknown is proverbially overrated; the mysterious is own cousin to the unknown; and the anonymous is only one step removed from the mysterious. Anonymity is a magnifying haze; and journalists, being very human, are by no means indisposed to regard themselves as being as large as they seem to the outside world to be through the veil that magnifies their shadowy outlines.

The journalist, like the man of letters properly so-called, and unlike the politician and the lawyer, is practically never *seen* in action. His style, if he indulges in such a luxury, is kept in check and curbed by a variety of conventions and bylaws which forbid him to stamp indelibly his own identity upon his work. The ridiculed editorial "we" is not a device invented to inspire the reader with awe and admiration; it represents very real conditions. There is hardly such a thing as a free hand in anonymous journalism. A leader-writer may be shut up in a room by himself, and have no verbal or written communication with the proprietor of the paper or the editor, beyond a curt instruction to write, let us say, on the question of the House of Lords; yet he is surrounded, as it were, by the spirits of the proprietor, of the editor, of his colleagues, and, above all, of that nebulous, but most potent entity, "the policy of the paper." He may be unconscious of the presence of these invisible, intangible influences, but they are at work all the same; and the result of their operations is an article expressing not "my" views, but "ours." This truth deepens the mystery which shrouds the great journalist, and intensifies his greatness in the public im-

agination. Moreover, it does in fact invest leading articles with a real weight which the talent, or even the genius, of the particular writer would be powerless to impart. The secret of successful journalism is not divulged, because there is no secret.

Until Mr. A. I. Dasent published the "Life of John Delane," there had been practically no biography of a great journalist who was that and nothing else. Many distinguished men, who have at some period of their career written regularly for the press, have left on record their impressions and their experiences. Robert Lowe, Lord Selborne, Lord Courtney, Henry Reeve, Tom Mozley, and others, have left reminiscences of their connection with the "Times." A difficulty confronting Mr. Dasent in the performance of his task was the indisposition of the representatives of the Walter family to give him any assistance, and the objections they obviously entertained to the publication of Delane's Life. No mention is made of the chief proprietors of the "Times" in Mr. Dasent's acknowledgment of contributory sources of information; there are few references to the Walters in the text; and no letters of any consequence between the proprietors and the great editor are forthcoming. Moreover, in the review of the "Life," which appeared in the Literary Supplement of the "Times," it is clearly intimated that the representatives of the Walter family had assumed an attitude of neutrality—hardly to be described as benevolent—towards the enterprise. It is unnecessary to pry into the causes of this attitude, but it is patent that the relations between proprietor and editor are such important factors in the history of a newspaper that the absence of any detailed reference thereto must leave an impression of incompleteness in the biography as a whole. For this *hiatus valde deflendus*

Mr. Dasent is, of course, not responsible.

Delane, however, is the only journalist *pur et simple* of whose career we have a reasoned narrative. A study of Mr. Dasent's two handsome, finely-printed volumes enables us to discover what are the qualities that go to the making of a great journalist; for John Delane was a great journalist, and, while he lived, was justly regarded as the unquestioned head of what is loosely called his "profession." It may almost be said that Delane existed for the "Times," and that the "Times" was made for Delane. It is perhaps an advantage that the material for forming a judgment of his powers furnished by Mr. Dasent is more valuable than the use he makes of it. Delane's reputation will be enhanced by this biography, which is also to be welcomed on account of the hitherto unpublished letters it contains of most of the leading statesmen of his day; but the earned increment of fame will owe little to the comments of the biographer. Mr. Dasent no doubt had many difficulties to overcome; chief among which is the fact that the editor of a paper does not issue orders of the day or submit despatches to his employers. Most of his information is derived from confidential conversations, of which he makes no note; his instructions to his staff are, except when he is absent from his office, verbal and concise; in a word, every issue of his paper is at once the record of his work and its justification or its condemnation. Mr. Dasent tells us of an incident in Delane's acquaintance with John Bright the significance of which is unmistakable, though it seems often to have been missed by the biographer.

"Once at a dinner party" (says Mr. Dasent, ii, 343), "at which he met Bright for the first time, the latter asked Delane openly why it was that the 'Times' had attacked him for do-

ing or saying something, whereas, on a previous occasion, it had, so it seemed, praised him for following much the same line of argument! Delane's reply was: 'Mr. Bright, you are evidently under some misapprehension as to the precise nature of my responsibility. I am responsible for the "Times" of to-day, but I have nothing to do with the "Times" of yesterday, or the "Times" of to-morrow.'

In this reply, uttered lightly and only half in earnest, lies one of the few secrets of journalism, and the explanation of the impossibility of re-creating the individual journalist. The output of a great historian, like good wine, loses nothing by keeping; that of the journalist is as milk which is nutritious to-day but may be poisonous to-morrow. Journalism must be judged by its immediate atmosphere; and we cannot reproduce the atmosphere of even a decade ago. Mr. Dasent does unconscious injustice to a great journalist by seeking to represent him as great in a sense in which he was not, could not be, and never tried to be. Exaggeration is the keynote of Mr. Dasent's eulogy. He compares his uncle to Themistocles (i, 10), to Pitt (i, 26), to Napoleon (i, 203). We are told (i, 27) that,

instead of blindly following public opinion, he rose to such a position of supremacy in his profession that he was able to create it; and on more than one memorable occasion, if the Government of the day, in formulating its policy, minted the coin, it was the "Times" which uttered it and saw that it rang true.

With Mr. Dasent the "Times" is always Delane. He remarks indifferently that the "Times," or that Delane, said this or that; and in his exaggerated eulogy he sometimes fails to notice patent self-contradictions. "The many brilliant writers of the Queen's English," he tells us (i, 27), "unsurpassed before or since for the purity of their style

and the vigor and soundness of their opinions, whose services Delane was henceforth to command, were, almost without exception, selected and trained by himself." Delane knew good English when he saw it; and it is to his lasting credit that he would not tolerate slipshod and slovenly language. But he himself had no pretensions to style, as may be gathered from a comparison of his own letters with those of Sir G. W. Dasent, and of several contributors to the "Times" included in the "Life." The plain, straightforward, business-like English of his letters was characteristic of the man and of the editor. He used language to convey his meaning, but not to fascinate his readers. To those who have studied the conduct of the "Times" during the period preceding and including the Crimean War, it sounds the wildest hyperbole to say, as Mr. Dasent does (i, 157), that,

at a crisis such as confronted England in 1853-4, the greatness of the issues involved demanded the comprehensive grasp of such a resourceful mind as Delane's, which saw, as if by inspiration, a truth hidden from his contemporaries. Whilst such a man is nearly always doomed to find more vexation and misunderstanding in the world than ordinarily falls to the lot of those who profess to safeguard the national interests, he is repaid in the end for his foresight by a surer immortality.

Few people, we imagine, in these days would like to feel that their claim to "a surer immortality" rested upon no better basis than the intelligence, foresight, and statesmanship displayed by those responsible for the Crimean War—among whom Delane must be counted—and for its conduct. As a matter of fact, Delane drifted as Aberdeen, with whom he was closely associated, drifted. Like the Prime Minister, Delane was a "jingo" *malgré lui*; he "did



not want to fight" for the Turks,<sup>3</sup> "to support barbarism against civilization, the Moslem against the Christian, slavery against liberty, to exchange peace for war—all to oblige the Turk." Like the latter-day "jingo," he declared that "the Russians should not have Constantinople"; but he had taken little thought as to whether "we had the ships, we had the men, we had the money too." Nor was it altogether creditable to the "comprehensible grasp of his mind" that Sir Charles Napier should, as we are told (i, 167), in great measure "have owed his appointment to the command of the Baltic fleet to Delane's influence." On September 14, 1854, Delane was writing to G. W. Dasent, his assistant-editor, from the Crimea, praising Sir E. Lyons to the deserved disparagement of Admiral Dundas, and comparing him to Nelson. A year later he was reproaching his deputy because he had "let Reeve praise Lyons and the Black Sea fleet," for "they had been sadly inactive, worse even than under Dundas."

Because Delane had selected, as a war correspondent, Charles Nasmyth, a brave and energetic engineer, who won much glory in the defence of Sillistria, Mr. Dasent gravely assures us (i, 171) that "in all probability the intuitive perception of military requirements which was so noticeable throughout Delane's career saved the Allies from a prolonged campaign on the banks of the Danube." But the acme of extravagant adulation is reached when we are told (ii, 27) that

he (Delane) was made of such real grit that if he had not chosen to spend his life shrouded in the veil which hides the personality of an editor from ordinary eyes, the world would assuredly have heard of him, it seems to us, as famous in other fields of action. How great a general or how

good a judge, how subtle a diplomatist or how far-sighted a minister he might have been, the world will never know; but those who worked with him by day and night know that in his conduct of the "Times" he displayed by turns all the characteristics of these noble professions. That he combined in himself all the qualities that make a man famous was the secret of his success as a leader of men.

Unmeasured eulogy of this kind is not only unreasonable in itself; it is manifestly unfair to the reputation of its subject. For what does it mean? Mr. Dasent identifies Delane and the "Times"; and he tells us (ii, 342), in his habitually magniloquent style, that "in thirty-seven years Delane had been responsible for over 40,000 distinct pronouncements upon every conceivable topic of public interest. Not the combined loquacity of a Disraeli and a Gladstone ever amounted to one quarter of this gigantic effort of a single brain." If we are to measure Delane's judgment, statesmanship, and sagacity, to say nothing of consistency, by holding him permanently responsible for "the 40,000 distinct pronouncements upon every conceivable topic of public interest" which appeared in the "Times" under his editorship, we had better bury his memory in oblivion.

Delane's real claim "to a more assured immortality" rests upon other and more substantial grounds than those indicated by Mr. Dasent. He was a strong, shrewd, observant man, of great courage and high integrity, endowed with a double dose of saving common-sense, thoroughly conversant with the true functions of the journal he conducted, an almost unerring interpreter of the sentiments of the classes for whose instruction and information the "Times" existed, as contemptuous of ideologues as Napoleon himself, and very easily swayed by the passions his paper sometimes helped to evoke. He was, in a word, an amalgam of quali-

<sup>3</sup> Cf. the whole tone of an angry letter to his Constantinople correspondent dated Sept. 5, 1853, vol. i, pp. 158, 159.



ties, none, taken separately, of the very highest order, but fitted, in combination, to make their fortunate possessor an almost ideal editor of such an organ of public opinion as was the "Times." He had fortuitous advantages which strengthened his position. A member of the upper middle classes, he enjoyed the usual education of an English gentleman; and his lack of ambition for academic distinctions probably saved him from the priggishness which characterized some of his more brilliant contributors, who, having "swept the board" at Oxford or Cambridge, flattered themselves that at the age of twenty-one they had solved the secrets of the universe.

As Oxford did not send him forth a prig, so society did not make him a snob. Society in Delane's day was not what it is to-day; it was still exclusive in a legitimate sense; the names of its more prominent members were still to be found in Burke rather than in the pages of "Who's Who" or the "Directory of Directors"; breeding, beauty, and wit were more effective passports than shares and shekels.<sup>4</sup> Delane entered society, as it then was, on a footing of absolute equality; "*il n'était pas parvenu, il était arrivé*," as some one said of Thiers. He was welcome everywhere; and everybody who was worth knowing was as glad to meet Delane as he was to associate with other people worth knowing. When society was controlled by the "upper ten thousand" persons and not by the "millions sterling," it exercised a considerable influence upon Administrations, however constituted. Statesmen of all grades were in society and of society; and, as Sir Henry Maine said of party pressure, the difficulty

<sup>4</sup> One of the very few articles which Delane appears to have actually written himself, and one of the latest for which he was responsible, deals with the changes which he saw with the deepest apprehension were affecting London society. It appeared in the "Times" of August 11, 1875. Extracts are given by Mr. Da-

which men felt about its influence "is very like that which men once experienced when they were told that the air had weight. It enveloped them so evenly and pressed on them so equally that the assertion seemed incredible."

The "Times" and Delane were influenced by the air of society equally with the politicians who also lived therein, and would, in all sincerity, have denied its weight. Consistency, so far as it is a virtue at all, is far from being the virtue of such a paper as that which Delane conducted. It was not, in the real and true sense, a party paper; and it owed its predominant influence in its palmiest days to the recognition that it was not a party paper. It was eventually the organ of the "governing classes," and, never moving far from what Prof. Lowell aptly calls "the centre of political gravity," it inclined always to support the party in power, much on the Duke of Wellington's axiom that the "King's government must be carried on." Its principle, sometimes ignored in practice, was never to be so partisan as to alienate the goodwill of those who might tomorrow be the advisers of the Crown. This policy, in the long run most beneficial to the country, was, of course, incompatible with rigid consistency. No one, however, expected the "Times" to be consistent; and it was one of the best features of Delane's management that he never had to take very sharp curves. When Barnes, his predecessor, suddenly abandoned Melbourne in 1834, he impaired for the time the popularity and influence of the "Times." Delane, on the other hand, could glide from Aberdeen to Palmerston, and from Palmerston to Derby sent (II, 319) which deserve careful study by those who share his biographer's opinion that, "could Delane but wake from his long sleep, he would indeed marvel at the levelling of social barriers which had taken place since he first noted the change of feeling in this respect."

and Disraeli, without any appreciable "skidding."<sup>5</sup>

Delane in practice thoroughly adopted the Pauline maxim that "all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." As good an illustration as another of this point of view is supplied by his attitude towards Kossuth and other "Brummagem heroes of '48-'49" (I, 115). He writes to Dasent from Vienna (November 1857) in terms of the greatest contempt for the

reception our fools have given him (Kossuth), but adds: only take care that Reeve is not too reactionary. We get no good by it either here or at home—not here, because there is nobody to read us; and not in England, because our own dear public likes to see discord and revolution abroad, however little it may care for liberalism itself (I, 119).

Mr. Dasent constantly writes as if in great national crises the "Times" led the way and the Government meekly followed; whereas the truth was that Delane always kept in touch with the Ministry, and strengthened it and the "Times" by anticipating in the latter to-day what he knew the former was going to say to-morrow. Especially is this noticeable in the discreditable Schleswig-Holstein episode. A speech of Lord Palmerston on June 27, 1864, announced that the crisis had passed the acute stage; and this speech had been anticipated in a leading article in the "Times" of the same date. Mr. Dasent exultingly writes (II, 113):

At this, one of the supreme moments of his life, he (Delane) may have felt, with pardonable pride, that his efforts for peace had not been made in vain, and that to his foresight and courage was largely due the happy consumma-

tion by which the danger of war was past and over.

Now this article itself was almost avowedly inspired by Palmerston, for in the extracts from it given by Mr. Dasent in a foot-note, there occur the familiar phrases: "Parliament and the nation will, *we believe*, be told," etc.; and "There is, *we are informed*, in their (the Government's) opinion," etc. Moreover, only a few pages earlier (II, 106), in reply to a mild reproach from Palmerston, Delane wrote that, though his "temporary Germanism," like many other inconveniences, was the direct consequence of an attack of gout, which had prevented the Prime Minister from seeing him, "your note of to-day has effected a perfect cure." We are not in any way disparaging Delane's action; on the contrary, it is difficult to imagine a greater service that a journalist can render to his country in moments of national crisis than—provided that he has sufficient confidence in the Ministry of the day—to ascertain what form their policy is about to assume, and to recommend it before it is publicly announced, thereby impressing the world at large with the conviction that the ministerial pronouncement, when made, is not that of a party but of the nation. And such service Delane was habitually rendering or seeking to render.

To another service which Delane did to the cause of public discussion Mr. Dasent makes but little reference. He did much to raise the tone of journalism. This may best be proved by taking a few extracts from the columns of the "Times" itself and one of its contemporaries at the time immediately preceding Delane's appointment. Here is a genial epigram on O'Connell from the "Times," January 1, 1840:

<sup>5</sup> If proof were needed that Delane's judgment was as fallible as that of others, it would be supplied by a passage from a letter to Bernard Osborne during Lord Derby's second Administration of 1857-8, in which, referring to Palmerston and Clarendon, he

wrote: "I think you may safely recant your allegiance to both these luminaries. No star shines very bright above the horizon, but these two seem to have hopelessly set" (I, 304).

## WHO CAN IT BE?

With the frame of a porter, with visage  
of brass,  
With the heart of a hare, and the lungs  
of an ass,  
With a curse on his lips, and a leer in  
his eye,  
With the tongue of a scold, and the  
smell of a sty,  
The first to insult, and the first to back  
out,  
An impudent bog-trotting mendicant  
lout—  
(When I add one more line you will  
name him, I hope)  
'Tis the jackal of Melbourne, the cur of  
the Pope.

And here is one in prose a few days  
later:

Let him (O'Connell) placard our names  
all over Ireland; let him consume his  
tough lungs in virulence and brutality  
against us; let him "death's-head" and  
"marrow-bone" our dwellings, if he  
dare. Here we stand; here we laugh  
at him; here we have launched at least  
a couple of hundred articles that  
scorched and blasted and consigned  
him to an age of infamy. . . . He "die in  
the field!" He means, of course, on a  
dunghill. ("Times," Jan. 3, 1840.)

The "Weekly Dispatch" (the property of the once notorious Alderman Harmer) was at that time a very popular paper. Its circulation was at least double that of the "Times," of which it was the avowed enemy. The following is from an open letter to the editor of the "Times," published March 22, 1840:

Saturated with a desire of lucre, the innate depravity of your heart and vulgarity of your mind have so absorbed you in the delight of machinations, and in the enjoyment of malignity, that you have actually forgotten the point you had in view, until you are now nothing more than a debauched, exhausted, impotent and despised nuisance. . . . Foolish, drivelling old man. . . . Mr. Thomas Barnes, your intellect is gone.

Later in the same year the two papers had a journalistic duel. The "Weekly Dispatch" wrote (August 30, 1840):

Certain is it that London, amongst all its journals, possesses but one liar of the first magnitude—but one thorough-going, quick-trotting, fast-galloping, out-and-out liar. We need not say that this is the "Times" journal. . . . The creature is at its dirty work again.

The next day, August 31, the "Times" returned fire:

The fulsome adulation which, like a pot of scented bear's-grease, Alderman Harmer has contrived to procure from his Gravesend toadies, in order to perfume himself for the mayoralty of London, *strongly* reminds us of the common trick of drunkards, who, in their idle endeavor to preserve appearances, buy a few peppermint lozenges to prevent their breath from betraying them. . . . As the "Times" has been the chief instrument in exposing the dissolute, Deistical and Republican dogmas wherewith Mr. Harmer's paper (the "Weekly Dispatch") has been for many years victimizing the lower classes, and providing himself with Old Bailey clients, this miserable man, unable to rebut a single statement we have made, is driven to the adoption of a mean and pitiable recrimination. Stung with rage at the part we have taken in securing his rejection from the civic chair, the degraded magistrate, instead of attempting to answer our strictures, resorts to the unavailing artifice of inventing imputations against ourselves. For some time past he has endeavored to persuade his readers that the editor of the "Times," during his alleged attendance at the University of Cambridge, was actually guilty of the insane and brutal profanity of administering the Lord's Supper to his horse.

The "Weekly Dispatch" replied (September 6):

You now speak of the story of "administering the Lord's Supper to his horse." The assertion of the "Dispatch" was

that the individual had administered the Lord's Supper, not to his horse, nor to his ass, but to a jackass. How aristocratic you are, Sir! Not content with changing the jackass to a horse, you convey by innuendo that you kept your horse or horses!

Two more excerpts from the "Times" may be given as curiosities. The first, on Palmerston, subsequently the idol of the "Times," appeared September 14, 1839:

Lord Palmerston—call him Cupid, as you say *Lucus a non lucendo*, if you will—seems to be occupied just now more fittingly than he has been employed for years, whether one regards his morality, his capacity, or his capacity's bent. Having at present no official mischief or mummery on his hands, he has returned to his old, but unacknowledged, trade of puffing himself and his colleagues in whatever print he can command. We are sorry, however, to see that the "old young fellow" (fifty-five and more), the "juvenile old Whig" (rank Tory till 1830), has his hand rather out; and that he is not near so smart a lampooner as he was when he slandered his opponents anonymously in a Sunday print some years ago.

The next and last excerpt is a comment on the British Association, and appeared in the "Times" on September 9, 1839:

The annual *gaudeamus* which they have just terminated at Birmingham has differed in nothing from its predecessors except that . . . the opportunities of display afforded to solemn and loquacious dunces—the discreditable intriguing for preferences and distinctions—the artificial hatching of added astronomers and geologists—the fulsome admiration of the turtle and champagne school . . . all of which constituted the opprobrium of the British Association in former years, have in 1839 increased and completed its disgrace. That eight or ten distinguished men can find their vanity flattered by the toadyship of

some 1500 ignoramuses, to whose elaborated mare's nests they are obliged in return to extend a humiliating applause, is to us infinitely less intelligible than that the said toadies should be ambitious of yoking their insignificance to such a car. . . . That a man of his high scientific reputation [Babbage] could allow himself to be made a cat's-paw of by Mr. Impey Murchison, or by any imp in existence, was scarcely to be expected; and we are much mistaken if . . . such transactions as we have now detailed do not occasion a general secession of eminent men from the mummyism and puppyism of this drivelling association.

It is a mistake, however, and one into which Mr. Dasent's readers may easily fall, to assume that Delane "made" the "Times," or was the original discoverer of the methods by which its success was achieved. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona." Mr. Grant, writing half a dozen years before Delane succeeded Barnes, who had occupied the editorial chair for upwards of twenty years, says (*op. cit.* p. 8):

Other papers are chiefly, in some cases almost exclusively, read by classes; the "Times" is read by all. It boasts of its ten thousands of readers among the upper classes; there is not a member of either House of Parliament who does not read it regularly; there is not a gentleman's club which does not take it in, while it is read with a peculiar eagerness and avidity by myriads of the lower classes. Indeed one may say it is read by everybody. You never meet by chance with any person, who makes any pretensions to intelligence, who does not by some means or other see the "Times."

Cobbett hated the "Times"; but Mr. Grant tells us that

it was the first journal he called for in the morning; and it was often the only one he read. I recollect feeling very much surprised one morning I had occasion to be at his house before nine

o'clock, not only to see that the "bloody old 'Times,'" as in his own coarse way he used to call it, was on the table at which he was writing, but that it was the only journal in the house.

Nor was Delane the first editor to associate with statesmen on terms of personal intimacy. Readers of the *Greville Memoirs* will not need to be reminded that his predecessor enjoyed, in the matter of confidences, much the same privileges as Delane himself. Mr. Grant, writing of the "*Morning Chronicle*"—established in 1769 by Woodfall (the printer of "*Junius*"), which later fell into the hands of Mr. James Perry, who owned and edited it till his death in 1823—says (*op. cit.* p. 38) of the editor-proprietor:

Mr. Perry was not only a man of superior talents himself, but he was the personal friend of Fox and Sheridan, and the other leading Whigs, for thirty or forty years before his death. He had consequently, through their means, the earliest access to all important information, not only respecting the movements and designs of the Opposition, but often also respecting the plans of the Tory Governments of his day.

Palmerston in his early days inspired, if he did not control, the foreign policy of the oldest of evening papers, the "*Globe*." Indeed Mr. Grant tells us (*op. cit.* p. 79) that "Lord Palmerston is very often represented as a contributor of leading articles on questions of foreign policy to the "*Globe*." He adds, however, that this statement is not correct.

Delane "*prenait son bien où il le trouvait*"; he adopted the best methods of his predecessors and contemporaries, cultivated them, and, under the guidance of a common-sense so all-prevailing as to amount to genius, turned them to the best purposes of his paper and his country. If in the temple of English history he does not occupy the

exalted and splendid niche which Mr. Dasent would assign to him, he will have a place of honor. It would be no injustice to him—indeed it would be a tribute he would have dearly esteemed—to describe him as, during much of his life, the unrecognized but actual "Chief Permanent Secretary of the British Public." Writing of the part played by that class of civil servant in the government of the country, Prof. Lowell says (*op. cit.* i, 194):

In spite of self-effacement, the career of a permanent official is honorable and attractive. If he is debarred from the excitement and the glory of the political arena, he is spared its hazards, its vexations, its disappointments. He wields great power, takes a real part in shaping the destinies of the nation, and, if capable and fortunate, he may end his days in the subdued lustre of the House of Lords.

The last distinction has so far been reserved for the proprietors of newspapers, but—who knows?—the editor's time may yet come.

We have left but little space for reference to the recent developments of latter-day journalism. Till 1855 the so-called "Fourth Estate" was an oligarchy. The repeal of the newspaper stamp-duty was the beginning of a revolution, completed some years later by the repeal of the duty on paper, which converted the oligarchy into a republic; and the penny paper, with the "*Daily Telegraph*" at its head, rushed into the open field. The "*Times*," under Delane, reducing its price only to threepence, remained as Mr. Dasent would say, like Pericles, "the first in the new democracy." Changes of this sort operate slowly; and, largely owing to the shrewd insight of Delane, it was long before his paper felt the full effects of the rivalry then established. It would be affectation to pretend that its position and influence are, or can ever



again be, what they once were; but it is only fair to add that this change is largely due to causes which the conductors of the "Times" could not control.

The effects of this revolution—and revolutions never realize anticipations for good or evil—have not only not been as disastrous as was generally expected, but, in spite of some ominous symptoms which have recently appeared, they have been, on the whole, positively good. It was feared that Gresham's law, which demonstrates how bad currency drives good currency out of the country, would find its counterpart in journalism. That, however, has not been the case. Competition has operated along customary lines; but journalism has escaped the worst results of the system for two reasons. In the first place, the establishment of a new paper is a costly enterprise, and the prospects of success are doubtful and not easily fore-estimated; witness the failure of the "Tribune," which had every element of success save the essential one of being wanted. In the second place, adulteration—which in journalism takes the form of inventing and circulating false information—is easily detected and promptly exposed. If a grocer seeks to make illicit profits by sanding his sugar, his more honest rival is deterred from exposing him by fear of the law of libel and of other consequences. In journalism every competitor for popular custom watches his rival closely, and, if he finds him uttering spurious coin, he nails the base issue to the counter with cheerful alacrity. In this respect, at any rate, dishonesty does not pay, especially as the relative cheapness of obtaining information—submarine telegraphy has been a powerful agent—hardly allows a bad lie the necessary start of twenty-four hours. Broadly speaking, there is not much difference between the old lamps and the new, though electric

light has superseded gas, as gas took the place of candles.

On the political side the evolution of the halfpenny press has not produced any startling effects. The tabloid has been substituted for the old-fashioned draught, and that is about all. To one particular charge, sometimes made by responsible statesmen, modern journalism is not obnoxious. Those who believe or say that newspapers are tempted to inflame racial hatred which may lead to war because they hope thereby to increase their circulation, and consequently their profits, know little about the economic side of journalism. A war, involving as it does the employment of a highly-trained and well-remunerated corps of "special correspondents," together with heavy expenditure on the transmission of "news from the front," is the costliest enterprise that proprietors have to face. While the demands upon the exchequer of a newspaper are enormously increased by a war, the receipts from advertisements—and, as an army moves upon its belly, so a paper lives upon its advertisements—are apt to diminish. Increased circulation without a corresponding increase from advertisements spells loss and not gain; and, though the prestige acquired by exceptionally brilliant war-correspondence may enrich a paper for some few years after peace has been concluded, "the far-off interest" bears no adequate proportion to the original outlay. It is only the evening papers, which "lift" the dearly-bought harvest of their morning contemporaries without expense, that really derive pecuniary advantage from war.

It is true that in modern journalism there is less room for political independence than in the days of Delane, but it must be remembered that during the greater part of his career one party was almost constantly in power, and it was easy to keep near the centre



of gravity without straying far from the boundaries of the ascendant party. Moreover, party spirit is more dominant than it was between 1850 and 1870; and democracy has no taste for subtle distinctions. On the other hand, as we have shown, partisanship is not mischievous so long as conflicting views are forcibly set forth by adequate advocates. The independent paper is, as Disraeli said of the independent politician, one that it is impossible to depend upon; and it generally represents individual opinions as contrasted with those of schools of thought. Weekly and monthly publications may be run with more or less success on these lines, but daily papers cannot.

Whatever danger besets the multiplication and cheapening of modern newspapers is to be found in their moral and social influence. So far as leading articles go—and there is sound reason for believing that their influence, even in politics,<sup>6</sup> is much exaggerated—the general moral tone is unexceptionable and not unlike to pulpit preaching. It is in the body of the paper that the mischief lurks. One need not take a pessimistic view of modern life to perceive that the craving for sensationalism is on the increase. Those who minister to the appetite for news are under peculiar temptations. Sensational copy not only attracts a huge mass of customers, but it is cheap copy. Columns of verbatim reports of criminal trials, of unsavory cases, and of private scandals cost very little to supply. The thirst for personal details about people who are famous, notorious, or only ostentatious, can be slaked at slight expense.

The preceding sentences were already in type when a murder occurred

in Kent, the treatment of which by too many newspapers revealed, as it were in a flashlight, the appallingly rapid growth of the special disease-germ that menaces modern journalism. There is no need to dwell upon the ascertained incidents of what was dubbed the "Bungalow murder," after the appropriate fashion of the "shilling shocker"; for, unfortunately fact, fiction, presumption and hypothesis were served up daily for the breakfast table in nauseating plethora. A murder had been committed, mysterious indeed, but not more mysterious than many other crimes of a like nature, which are ordinarily summarized in a few matter-of-fact paragraphs. It was, however, the dull season, and the victims—for there were subsequently two—were above the middle rank of society. That was enough; an army of special correspondents, selected presumably for their descriptive talents, were despatched to the scene of the tragedy. The facts were few and simple; the inferences to be drawn were matters for the police, who were properly reticent; the competition for "copy" was keen; and many of the "correspondents" took upon themselves the rôle of amateur detectives.

The consequences were such as might have been foreseen: a free rein was given to speculation and imagination; hypotheses were wildly hazarded on the flimsiest foundation; hypotheses developed into theories, theories into suspicions, and suspicions into something little short of base and groundless imputations. A large and imperfectly educated section of the community ventured on sensationalism, and with sufficient intelligence to dot the correspondent's "I's" and cross his "t's," jumped to the indicated conclusion. The husband of the murdered lady, who had devoted a blameless and distinguished life of nearly seventy years to the military service of his country, in the

<sup>6</sup> The Unionist tone of the great majority of London papers did not check the Unionist rout in 1906; and the best conducted provincial journal, the "*Manchester Guardian*," had for nearly forty years no appreciable effect upon the Toryism of Lancashire.

hour of his keenest anguish, was made the target of the grossest insinuations, conveyed in anonymous letters and resting on nothing more substantial than the figment of "special correspondents" in feverish haste to "go one better" than their rivals. A gallant English general, broken in nerve by the awful tragedy which had overtaken a dearly loved wife, was unable to endure the added torture thus wantonly inflicted upon him; "he felt something snap," and took his own life. The special correspondents followed him to his grave, there to bewail the fatal fecundity of the soil on which they had so assiduously sown the bitter seed.

There is no need to point the moral. In this appalling episode the worst tendency of modern journalism is writ large. If the person who, in culpable negligence, spreads the germs of an infectious disease is to be condemned, what is to be done with him who deliberately prepares the *nidus* in which alone the microbe can be propagated? It is said that in this respect the English press is becoming Americanized; and it was an American, not an English, proprietor of newspapers who

*The Quarterly Review.*

thus cynically defined his functions:

"I am," he said, "a tradesman, and I sell news. It is not my business to supply my customers with healthy news only. They come to my shop, and if they ask for a special kind of goods I supply it, so long as its sale is not forbidden by the Legislature; if they like to poison their minds, that is their business, not mine. I do not keep a preaching-house, but a store. I am like a chemist, free to sell what others want to buy, so long as I do not infringe the laws. If you have any complaint to make, you must address yourself to the police or the Legislature, but you need not come bothering me."

It is easy to see whither this cynical principle leads. The finer and higher types of men shrink from allowing the Röntgen rays of the inquisitive journalist to pass through their skin, flesh and blood. They will protect themselves by keeping out of the glare of public life, without which even the Röntgen rays will not operate; and they will leave the management of affairs, and even the embellishment and instruction of society, to those who set no value upon privacy.

## ROME THEN AND NOW.

The thirty-seven years that have gone by since the twentieth of September 1870, when by the issue of the skirmish at the Porta Pia, Rome became the capital of Italy, have brought with them changes which can only be fully felt by those who knew Rome well in papal days and who know it well now. The change which has taken place has no analogy with that which has by the steady march of modern invention and modern improvement—I use the word without prejudice—made such a city as London of to-day

a very different London from that of the 'sixties. Rome of the 'sixties was still essentially a survival of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, very little encroached upon by the modern spirit. There were many towns in Italy which had retained the outward features of even the earliest of those centuries far more completely—Perugia, San Gimignano, Siena, for example; but the form of government and the social conditions which had made them what they were had long ago departed from them.

From Rome they had not so vanished. There still hung about it the flavor of past days, past forms of government, past methods of thought, and past customs which made it unique amongst the important towns of Europe. It was inevitable that these should give way before the needs of a great modern capital. It is safe to say that the last thirty-seven years have more changed the face of Rome than the previous three centuries had done. And yet there were living in Rome even at the end of the papal period plenty of old *habitues* who told one that the glory of Rome had in their own day departed from it, and that the march of modern invention, the railroad and gas, had already vulgarized the place beyond recognition. Be that as it may, the change from Rome of the Popes to Rome of United Italy has inevitably been such as has had no exact parallel in any other case—a town in itself unique called upon to face a change of circumstance which is also unique in history.

If I am asked whether I would rather live in Rome of that day or Rome of this, I unhesitatingly give the preference to Rome as I knew her first. This I hope is not at all the same thing as condemning the present condition of things, or as depreciating the recent development of the city. For if I were again asked to make choice amongst all the capitals of Europe as a place to live in, even to-day I should name Rome as the town which combined the greatest number of human interests with quite sufficient machinery for a well-ordered and comfortable life. The fascination of old Rome was bound up to a great extent with a condition of things which went hand-in-hand with the absence of these very machineries. In all probability, even if Rome had not become Italian, many or most of these machineries must have forced their way in before now; but it was in-

evitable that, from whatever source they came, the ancient city should, in their entry, lose some of its character and of its special flavor.

Rome in the 'sixties had a population, roughly speaking, of about 215,000 souls; to-day it holds nearly 500,000. If a map of the city at that date is laid beside a map of to-day, it is easy to see at what points the increase of building has taken place to accommodate the inhabitants. The older map shows unoccupied ground in the outlying portions of the Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, and Caelian Hills forming an irregular triangular space with many projections, which lay between the Aurelian Wall and the inhabited quarters in a band whose breadth varied from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half on the east and south. Further to south and west lay another triangle bordered westwards by the Tiber, which included the Aventine and the void spaces around Monte Testaccio and the Protestant cemetery. By eye measurement these combined tracts of open space, chiefly vineyard and garden, intersected by roads and lanes running between high walls, amounted to one-half of the entire area of the city within the walls. And it may be said that in the 'sixties this uninhabited portion of the city—the phrase must not be taken too literally—presented much the same appearance which it had presented for at least twelve hundred years. That is to say, that it had never been populated since the days of Totila. So far back as 1447 Pope Nicholas V. had tried to encourage settlement on the Viminal and Esquiline by promises of complete immunity from taxes. But then, and in the succeeding centuries, the tendency of the population to mass itself on the northern and north-western corners of the city proved irresistible. The Aventine and the district near Testaccio in like manner remained unoccupied all

down the centuries, save by a few scattered monasteries. The district has always labored under a deadly reputation for malaria. Pope Honorius IV. (1285) had tried to people it in vain. His own experience indeed was no good advertisement for his experiment. The year before his election a conference of cardinals which met upon the Aventine had been attacked by the fatal scourge. Honorius, then Cardinal Savelli, alone had stuck to his post when all the others fled in terror. By keeping up good fires and by other precautions the plucky Cardinal escaped the malaria. But the Romans did not forget the incident, and to this day have not forgotten it. The Aventine and the district between the Baths of Caracalla and the Porta San Sebastiano alone remain to-day to tell the stranger what half Rome was like fifty years ago. It is safe to predict that both these districts will at no distant date be covered with buildings. The Aventine will in all probability then be found to be as healthy and as desirable as any other part of the city.

Outside the walls suburban districts have grown up in the neighborhood of the chief gates. The quarter near the Porta San Lorenzo is densely populated by a workman class, who are not always on the best of terms with the police. Beyond the Portal del Popolo, the Porta Pia, and the Porta San Giovanni, the open vineyards have given place to factories, warehouses, and dwelling houses. But nowhere is the change more striking than in the Prati di Castello adjoining the Vatican City on the north. In 1870 these were still open fields with hardly even a factor's house upon them, and so they had remained since the day when Cincinnatus tilled them. At the point where the river is now crowned by the Ponte Cavour, a ferry boat, of the exact build and appearance of the barchetta which appears in Raphael's "Miraculous draught

of fishes," plied by a rope and pulley from the Via degli Schiavoni, on the city side, to the Vicolo della Barchetta, a narrow country lane, on the other bank. The ferry and its surroundings were probably little altered in appearance since that night, in the times of the Borgias, when the charcoal burner saw the masked man on the white horse bring the body of the Pope's murdered son down from the Via degli Schiavoni to fling it into the Tiber. Three bridges now lead across to the great new quarter which covers the farmlands of Cincinnatus with its rectangular arrangement of streets and squares. In this neighborhood, too, all along the city side of the Tiber, the embankment, which has done so much for the health of Rome, has swept away innumerable tenements—some of the most picturesque and interesting, no doubt, which survived in Rome from the sixteenth and even from the fifteenth centuries. It was here that Vanozza, the mother of Caesar Borgia, owned a hostelry; and here as one wandered in the crowded narrow streets near the Via del Orso one could best realize the appearance of the city in its strange mixture of squalor and magnificence four hundred years ago. The making of the great thoroughfare, the Corso Vittore Emmanuele, which leads from the Piazza di Venezia to the Ponte St. Angelo, also has removed many an ancient landmark. That thoroughfare follows in parts the line of the ancient Via Papalis by which the popes made their transit from St. Peter's to the Capitol, while in other parts blocks of houses have been removed bodily to give a convenient direction to the route. The streets in this part were previously narrow and tortuous, little altered in appearance since the days of Sixtus IV., who, with the aid of his henchman, Cardinal d'Estouteville, about the year 1480, had greatly widened them, and had

paved many of them with tiles. It is needless to say that the latter had long given way to the little square blocks of lava from the Capo di Bove quarries. It was difficult sometimes, as one looked at these picturesque but very crowded thoroughfares, to persuade oneself that they could have ever been considered broad and commodious. Yet it is in evidence that before the days of Sixtus it was hardly possible for two horsemen to pass abreast. In the days of Pius IX., when the colossal coach of the Pope was sometimes to be met driving through the streets in this neighborhood, it was impossible for another carriage to pass it. There is no part of Rome whose appearance has undergone a greater change than this, except the now embanked portion east and south of the Tiber.

The task which the municipality of Rome has had to face since the city has become the capital of Italy has been both vast and difficult. They have performed it perhaps no better, certainly no worse, than other municipalities have performed far less important tasks. To double in thirty to forty years the accommodation of a population, to double also the area over which building extends, to provide suitable means of traffic and adequate measures of sanitation in a city whose natural position has at all times made drainage a difficult problem, would tax the capacities of the most capable Board of Works engaged in developing a comparatively new city. But in Rome the problem has been far more difficult. It has meant the endeavor to turn an ancient city into a modern. At every few hundred yards some fresh problem arose; some memory of classical or mediæval or Renaissance days stood in the way of the new thoroughfare or the needed sewer. Moreover, you could not drive a new street in any direction among the older parts of Rome without sweeping away pictur-

esque rookeries beloved by generations of artists. Were none of these to go? Was no sacrifice to be made to the needs of a great modern capital? Mistakes were made in plenty; that may freely be admitted. In the early days which followed on the "Risorgimento" there were evidences of feverish haste, and the jerry-builder set up his memorial, likely to be all too short-lived, in the Via Nazionale and in a few other streets, the instability of whose houses is as notorious as of those in the fashionable quarters of Kensington, where dancing is forbidden by the terms of the lease. It may be freely owned, too, that sacrifices have been too evidently made to that love of the rectangular which is the first inspiration of the modern city-builder. He who would learn the depths to which dreariness may attain in the hands of the city surveyor pledged to uniformity might do worse than spend an hour or two of a dusty June day in the new quarters between the Lateran and S. Maria Maggiore. Again, with regard to the enormous monument to Victor Emmanuel, without accepting the view of those who declare that that monarch should need no memorial in a national Rome—an argument which, driven to its logical results, would give monuments only to those who are least worth remembering—we may fairly deplore its colossal character and the destruction which has resulted from it. We may still more readily admit that in the carrying out of the Tiber Embankment the modern Roman fell painfully short of his traditions. Here was an opportunity exactly suited, it would have seemed, to the engineering and architectural genius of the race. One asks oneself what the engineers of the days of Augustus and Trajan—even of Sixtus or Julius II.—would have made of it. But to-day the Tiber creeps dismally between its sad and sewer-like walls, a work of incredible dullness.



One has to remind oneself, as one's wrath rises, that no more practically useful work has been accomplished since the days of the Cloaca Maxima and of the Roman aqueducts. It would have been not less useful if the architectural opportunities which arose along its line had been better utilized by the descendants of Servius and of Claudius.

But when one has admitted all this and a great deal more, and when one has even exhausted all the charges which architect or engineer, historian or poet, artist or bric-à-brac man may bring against those who have been endeavoring to shape old Rome to the needs of a modern city, one must still in fairness return to the old conclusion that there is no nation in Europe, and no municipality within any nation, which, judging by their results in far less difficult undertakings, would have made fewer mistakes than have been made in carrying out a task which has had no parallel in the previous record of cities. Something has been lost undoubtedly; at given points more has been lost perhaps than need have been; but preservation, not annihilation, has been on the whole the keynote of the transformation. The cry which goes up from other countries, but especially from England, from time to time, that Italy is indifferent to and negligent of her art and her antiquities, is curiously unjust to a nation which, out of a not overflowing exchequer, spends very large sums upon these objects, and occasionally spends a portion of it badly. It is perhaps in one sense fortunate for us that Italians do not travel in large numbers in our country. An educated Italian who wandered through England and noticed how the restorations of the last fifty years have robbed us of some two-thirds of our noblest memorials as effectively as if they had been swept into the rivers, might be inclined to ask on what superiority in these matters

we in England rest our claim to tell Italy how a nation ought to deal with her national birthright.

Having said this, I shall not be misunderstood when I express regret for the loss, the inevitable loss, of so much that gave to Rome its peculiar charm, its flavor—I fear the word may be used in more senses than one—in the days when, forty years ago, she was still looking back in many respects to the Renaissance rather than forward to the twentieth century. It was then still the Rome of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Charles Dickens, of William Story. Mark Twain's jest that you could not fall out of a two-pair window in Rome without killing a monk or a soldier had some point in it then, for the streets still swarmed with the various orders. They were a typical feature, naturally, of Rome. Numerous in the city ever since the days of St. Francis and St. Dominic, they were perhaps never more numerous than in the years which immediately preceded the fall of Rome. In the mornings the lay brothers went forth armed with their large copper vessels of hat-box shape to gather in the gifts of the faithful or the charitable. Naturally the rich strangers' quarter about the Piazza di Spagna was a favorite hunting-ground for them, though the poorest quarters were not omitted. A very familiar figure to those who lived in Rome at that time was a magnificent dark-bearded Capucino, whose beat in the early mornings lay along the Babuino. The brown-cowled, stately figure drew many an admiring stare from the passing *forestiere*, a compliment which he never failed to acknowledge by crossing himself, either as a protection against the inroads of vanity or, more probably, as a safeguard against the evil eye. I often wonder what his fate was at the suppression of the monasteries, whether he was one of those who went forth into the world again, or whether he had



already found a quiet rest in the city of his soul before the evil day came. One may be allowed to hope that the latter was his fate. To-day these picturesque figures are as rare in Rome as in any other town of Italy. They may be seen, silent kneeling figures, in the church of Araceli, most Roman of all Roman churches, but the streets and public places of Rome know them no more save as occasional visitors.

The markets of Rome, in old days almost the most interesting of Europe, have fallen into line with the less picturesque but more regulated markets of the great capitals. The great cattle-market just outside the Porta del Popolo, a position which it shared with the extemporized Anglican Church—for no Protestant place of worship was allowed within the walls—has migrated to a corner of Rome not far from the old Protestant cemetery, but nearer to the Tiber. The wild Campagna horse-men, with their goatskin aprons and long ox-goads, no longer form a feature of the Piazza del Popolo, nor do the unseemly vehicles piled high with the quaking carcasses of pigs and oxen any longer rumble down the Ripette or the Babuino. Gone, too, is the people's market in the Piazza Navona, where everything that flew or ran or crawled, from turkeys and pheasants to porcupines and hedgehogs, squirrels and tortoises, and even green snakes, could be purchased by the frugal housewife in search of variety. It was a favorite resort, too, of the coin-hunter and bibliophile, for here the simple-minded dealer set forth his "*Roba di Campagna*," and here the equally simple-minded buyer bought his bargains or his experience. For though the peasant did no doubt often deliver here the coins which he had ploughed up from the soil of the Campagna, the antiquity dealer likewise used it for the output of his industries. The stalls have migrated now to the Campo del Fiori, at

no great distance. But the forger of to-day is either less skillful or more unblushing—perhaps both.

But even more interesting was the market, hardly reckoned as such, in the Piazza Montanara, under the Theatre of Marcellus, where every Sunday morning from time immemorial the weekly hiring of laborers had taken place, and on a smaller scale does so still. But those were the days of Italy's "*analfabetismo*," when few of the field laborers could be trusted to write his own name and none his own love-letter. And the letter-writing scribe did a roaring trade at a little table on the corner of the piazza, while an open-air barber or two shaved their victims with a celerity which savored of sleight of hand. The skill of these practitioners was equal to any emergency which could arise in their craft, but at times the hollow cadaverous cheeks of the victims of malaria, chiefly from Ostia and its neighborhood, tried their resources very highly. But even this difficulty had vanished before the discovery that a walnut inserted in the cheek restored the general level of the countenance. There was no more entertaining spot in Rome in the morning hours; but before midday the blue-coated conical-hatted throng had melted away. There were few after that hour left sitting idle in the market because no man had hired them, and as the various groups, with their sacks flung over one shoulder and a long staff filled with ringloaves on the other, had tramped forth to fresh fields and pastures new, one could realize that the raw material of Italy is as fine as that of any country in the world.

But nowhere has a cleaner sweep been made of houses, men, and manners than in the Ghetto. Of this nest of dirt and unsavoriness, of apparent poverty which often concealed wealth, of squalor inconceivable, of pictur-

esqueness unforgettable, the Government have now made an almost entire clearance. The fish market within the portico of Octavia—to the artist's eye Rome had hardly such a subject as that—went years ago. Gradually the rookeries which lay around have followed, and to-day there is very little to tell that this was once the place where the Jews of Rome, herded together like swine, insulted, hated, robbed, and even locked in at night into their ill-savored prison, multiplied and grew rich through many a century. The church of S. Angelo in Pescheria, in which in former days the elders were compelled once a year to listen to a sermon preached against their own faith, still remains, but the whole of the quarter which lay between that church and the river has disappeared. In severe floods there was no part of Rome which suffered so much as the Ghetto. In the flood of 1869 I saw the sight, which has been so often described, of the inhabitants shifting their goods in boats in the Via della Pescheria, into the upper stories of the houses. Men said that these same upper stories concealed treasures of bric-à-brac known only to those daring connoisseurs who had penetrated thither ready "in more senses than one to pay through the nose." I know not. I knew it only through its ground-floor squalors, which were open to the eye of every passer-by. In the cavern-like recesses sat old and wolf-eyed hags amid piles of sour clothing and cheap second-hand furniture. They are scattered now fairly evenly through the various quarters of Rome, save that a good many still hang fondly about their ancient home.

But not in the Ghetto alone, though there chiefly, were sanitary methods conspicuous by their absence. There were side streets leading even out of the best thoroughfares, where walking was well-nigh impossible; one such in

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the Piazza Trajana especially comes to my mind. The primitive method of casting all domestic refuse into the open street had come down with many allied habits from very ancient days. Even to-day they are by no means extinct in Rome, but they have retired from the more fashionable thoroughfares. In those days they gave occupation, or at any rate an interest, to an army of effete and very incapable dustmen who with heart-shaped shovels and Noah's Ark hand-carts, and wearing the inspiring inscription "S. P. Q. R." upon their red hat-bands, followed the contemplative rather than the active life, and longed for the day when they should be promoted to be licensed beggars, and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The life of the Roman dustman of to-day has been made more strenuous for him, and it is only fair to say that Rome is now a clean town, as well looked after as most capitals of Europe. I do not know of one in which life can be more comfortable. It is of course easy to cry that "Rome is spoilt" every time that we find that something has disappeared from the Rome which we knew when we were young, and before it had once more renewed its everlasting youth. Rome will take a great deal of spoiling. It is safe to prophesy that a thousand years hence it will still be the most interesting city in the world, no matter what changes may have come to it in that time. It has indeed already a very long start—a city of continuous and vital historical interest from its birthday till to-day, and not likely to play a less interesting part in the history that lies ahead than any other capital in the modern world. The Romans do well when they show that they cherish every stone that can remind them of their ancient greatness; they do equally well to fit their city to take its part in the greatness that yet awaits it in the days to come.

Gerald S. Davies.

## SALLY: A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C. M. G.

## VI.

The end of the fifth year of his exile in Europe found Saleh a very different being to the little, scared, half-savage boy who had been thrust, like a trapped animal, into Mrs. Le Mesurier's drawing-room. Regular hours, quantities of good, plain, English food, plenty of open air and violent exercise at all seasons and in all weathers, had wrought a great improvement in his physique. He was small of stature, judged by English standards, as are most men of his race; but his beautifully built frame was spare, and hard and active. Each limb was developed to the full, every muscle stood out in a rounded cord beneath the glossy skin. The blood ran warm under cheeks of which the olive tint was hardly more dusky than that of a Neapolitan; his hair, which of old had been so stiff and straight that it had resolutely declined to allow itself to be parted in the European fashion, was now silky and abundant, and, for all its blackness, grew with a slight wave in it, as an Englishman's hair should grow. His great dark eyes were clear and bright, lighting up readily with facile merriment, although there still lurked in them, when his face was in repose, that soft and dreamy melancholy which ever seems to me to speak of the dumb agony of a race doomed to early extinction.

Saleh had always been a pretty boy, and his beardless face still caused him to appear incredibly youthful; but now, at nineteen years of age, he was more completely a man than any of the English youngsters with whom his days were passed. Also he was handsome, —not with the soft, foreign, almost feline beauty that distinguishes so many Orientals, but with good looks of a

sturdier cast, bred of clean-cut features, manly independence, and self-respect, which approximate far more nearly to English standards of taste. The discipline to which he had been subjected, to which he had resigned himself as to one of the inevitable facts of life, had not succeeded in eradicating all the natural indolence of his character. He was still "slack," incurably "slack," more especially whenever anything in the nature of an intellectual effort was demanded of him; but he was not alone in this, for the failing was shared by many of his English comrades. In games, however, this weakness did not show itself for the sporting instincts of his race came to his rescue. He pulled a good oar for one of his size and weight; he was a pretty bat, and the neatest of fielders; his activity and dexterity stood him in good stead at Association football and at hockey; he was a beautiful gymnast, and, as a swimmer, no one in his set could touch him. That peculiar form of discipline which is best taught by games, in which a man plays for the side, not for his own hand, had helped to strengthen his character, and he owed far more than he knew to the constant exercise which, demanding so much of his energies, left little over to tempt him to less wholesome things. In this direction, too, climate doubtless aided him, climate and the whole tone of the family of which he had become a member, for Saleh had fitted into the new life so perfectly that he now was seemingly nothing save just what that life had made him.

Moreover, his whole outlook had undergone a change, and women had ceased to be regarded by him as inferior beings, mere playthings given to their master, Man, for his amusement.

He had lived with the Le Mesurier girls as brother and sister; Mrs. Le Mesurier had come to be his mother in everything but fact; and the girls with whom he from time to time associated were often his superiors in education and intelligence, and all now commanded his respect simply by reason of their sex. Five years before this mental attitude towards women would have seemed to him the veriest topsyturvidom, but now it appealed to him as a matter of course. The change had come about so gradually, was the result of such daily accretions of experience, that he was conscious of no alteration in his point of view. It seemed to him that he had always thought of these matters as he thought of them now; and when he danced with a pretty girl—and he danced quite beautifully—his pleasure was as natural and as little sullied by unholy dreams as that of any right-minded English lad.

And with all this Saleh was thoroughly, if unconsciously, happy. He loved his adopted family dearly, without troubling to ask himself why he loved them; he revelled in the games; he delighted in balls and parties; he was without a care in the world, for his intellectual failures, which were indeed colossal, did not greatly trouble him. Also, during the first five years of his life in England he had no ambitions, no aspirations that were not easily satisfied by a success in the playing-fields or the gym., while his adoption into the family and social circle of the Le Mesuriers had been so complete that he had forgotten that he was divided from them by the accident of color.

Saleh had been transformed into an Englishman, and had himself accepted the fact of his inner transformation so unreservedly that to him it stood in need of no demonstration. His simple paganism, which only by an excess of courtesy could be called Muhammadan-

ism, had been scrupulously respected. It formed no part of the white men's scheme that the lad should abandon the Faith of his fathers, wherefore, loyally observing the letter of the bond, the Le Mesuriers had carefully abstained from making any attempt to convert their charge to Christianity. Had they been minded to effect this change, it is probable that they would have encountered little difficulty; but as matters stood, Saleh's opinions concerning things spiritual—if indeed he entertained any—had been suffered to take care of themselves. None the less the sincerely religious atmosphere of the household had made a deep impression upon his sensitive and receptive mind: it had given him new standards, new ideals, and, all unknown to him, had become a prime factor in the regulation of his conduct. He detested reading, hating the mere laborious drudgery of it, and the Bible is a stout volume. He was neither expected nor invited to study it, and save under compulsion it was not his custom to study anything. Even if he had been made to enter that great treasure-house of Oriental wisdom, however, he was at this time too little given to introspection to have made any personal application to himself of aught that he would have found therein. The text which propounds that grim question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" would have held for him no special augury. The bitter meaning of those taunting words was to be revealed to him in all its bearings in days which as yet were hidden by the merciful mystery of the future.

## VII.

Of that fugue of distracting discords, which in the end was fated to bring to Saleh a dreary enlightenment, the first jarring note was struck, I think, by the little Princess.

The holidays of his fifth summer in

### *Sally: A Study.*

England were spent by him on a visit to a friend, an old Wykehamist, whose people lived in a river-side house near Richmond. Saleh was quite contented to remain where he was, and had he been left to himself he would have declined the invitation unreservedly. Mr. Le Mesurier, however, thought that it would be good for him to be severed for a time from the support of his "home" surroundings, and to be thus forced to stand alone. He therefore insisted upon an acceptance being sent, and in due course Saleh reluctantly followed his letter.

Harry Fairfax, the friend in question, had become very intimate with the Le Mesuriers, and had learned to look upon Saleh as a member of the family. Also he liked him for himself, and thought that it would be rather a "lark" to introduce the little stranger to his own people. His father and mother were a quiet elderly pair, still wholly wrapped up in one another, who watched the bewildering doings of their offspring with a mild surprise without attempting to influence or control them. If Harry had expressed his intention of inviting Muck-a-Muck, the noble savage himself, to stay at Crosslands, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax would have supposed that such was the fashion of the present day, and would have raised no objection. Their daughters, Alice and Sibyl, who were also allowed to do in all things very much as they pleased, thought that their brother's proposal promised some amusement, and they were prepared to pay almost any price for the rare privilege of his company at home. Therefore the prospect of Saleh's visit displeased nobody except Saleh himself.

Just at first he was uncomfortably conscious of the fact that Fairfax's relations—more especially the two girls—eyed him with a certain curiosity, as a being new to their inexperience. Living under the same roof in daily inter-

course with women, between whom and himself there subsisted no such brother and sister familiarity as that to which life with the Le Mesuriers had accustomed him, brought with it a measure of embarrassment. It made him shy, self-conscious, constrained,—all things from which hitherto his simplicity had kept him singularly free,—and yet in some way it was pleasurable, stimulating, even exciting. These latter sensations were realized more fully later, when the first strangeness of his new environment had to some extent worn off; but at the beginning of his visit Saleh felt himself to be divided from the Fairfaxes by an impalpable barrier. Its nature and cause he did not attempt to analyze, only he was dimly aware of its existence, and an unwonted feeling of loneliness, of isolation, came upon him. Instinct told him, hinted to him, that he was regarded as in some sort an alien, a curiosity, and this made him sore and angry, not with others, but with himself. It was as though he had suddenly been revealed to himself in a new light,—had been made conscious of some unsuspected, unreal, yet inherent inferiority in his nature which differentiated him from the rest of humanity. He would rather have died than have shaped such a thought in words; for the moment he shirked allowing it to take even nebulous form in the back of his mind—in his most secret self-communings; but none the less an uneasy restlessness was bred in him by these disquieting, vague, and, as he forced himself to believe, groundless suspicions. For some days, therefore, he shunned the companionship of his new friends, seeking refuge from them and from the shadowy fancies that troubled him in solitary rambles. These led him mostly into Richmond Park, for the big expanse of comparatively wild woodland held for him a curious fascination. Though he had almost ceased to remember it, Saleh



was forest-bred, and he, to whom by right of birth belongs the freedom of the jungle, is driven by instinct to the woods and thickets when the craving for consolation is upon him. The old park, with its network of metalled roads, its tame deer and fearless rabbits nibbling the grass undisturbed by groups of Londoners picnicking noisily within a few yards of them, was but a poor substitute for the magnificent, untouched forests of Malaya. Even here, however, there were hollow places filled with tangles of underwood or mounds of brambles, sheltered by which it was possible for Saleh to fancy himself very far removed from the hurrying life around him; and here, too, the huge gnarled trunks of oak and elm were silent comrades whose neighborhood consoled him with a sense of companionship and peace.

It was in Richmond Park that Saleh first saw the little Princess—a figure more exotic than his own—clad in a crimson frock, with a coquettish feather springing saucily from a toque of the same brilliant color. She passed quite close to him where he lay among the bracken, a dog-whip in her little hand, and five great hounds of a breed unknown to Saleh, with long coats of white and silver-gray, lean, fierce heads, sharp muzzles, and savage eyes. The girl's hair was black, as only the hair of an Asiatic woman can be; her clear pale skin was swarthy; her features—the straight, low forehead, the hooked nose with nostrils curving outward, the full lips, the rounded but slightly retreating chin—were strongly Semitic in cast; her eyes—the big, sloe-black, elliptical eyes of Northern India—were veiled and dreamy in repose under the heavy arches of eyebrow. She was of smaller stature than are most European girls, and her trim figure had ever so little a tendency to thickness; but her hands and feet were exquisite things, diminutive

in size and most delicately formed, although at the bases of her almond-shaped finger-nails tiny smudges of a faint dusky blue betrayed the Eastern blood. She looked at the youngster lounging on the grass and passed him by with a toss of her little head.

After that Saleh saw her frequently, always clad in crimson or scarlet,—for the love of colors crude and gay was innate in her,—always chaperoned by those five great hounds, over whom she seemed to exercise a tyrannical ascendancy. The incongruity of this oriental child and her surroundings began by piquing Saleh's curiosity, though it was significant of the extent to which he had identified himself with the people of his adoption that the little Princess, who, as a fellow-Asiatic, and one of his own color, should surely have been felt to be akin to him, seemed to him a being outlandish, fantastic, *bizarre*,—infinitely more alien than were any of the English girls with whom he was wont to associate. Her beauty—for the little Jewish-looking lady with her marvellous eyes, the heavy arched eyebrows, and the wealth of blue-black hair, had her full share of good looks—made no appeal to him, even repelled him a little, just as the pink-and-white loveliness of English women had repelled him five years earlier. His taste had altered with the rest of him, and to-day he was as insular in the narrow range of his appreciation as any British-born youngster in the set to which he belonged. He had no desire to make the little Princess's acquaintance, for the sight of her was, in a manner, terrifying to him. It seemed to cross the *t's*, to dot the *i's* of his half-formed fears, to make his vague suspicions more haunting and less nebulous, to add to the restless uneasiness of which he was already the prey. Somehow or another that crudely tinted exotic figure, moving so incongruously across the quiet English



landscape, conveyed to him a hint that emphasized the falseness of the position which he himself occupied, and forced upon him an explanation of all that had troubled him since he came to stay with the Fairfaxes—the true explanation to which he still strove to shut his eyes. It was as though he

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had caught sight of himself horribly caricatured and distorted in a misshapen mirror, and instinctively he turned his head away, refusing to look at an ugly vision which was fraught for him with so much of pain and of humiliation.

*(To be continued.)*

## AN ANTHOLOGY.

The book, if you can get it, is worth reading, not only for its curiosity, but for its beauty and its charm. It was published ten years since, and one would be tempted to say that the poetry in it is the best that this generation has known, save that the greater part of it has been written for the last ten centuries. Yet, though it contains so much that is excellent and old, one might travel far without meeting a single reader who had ever heard of the poets of this anthology. Have they, then, been lately rediscovered, dug up, perhaps, from a buried city, and so, after the lapse of ages, restored to the admiration that is their due? By no means! These poems have been printed in innumerable editions, and the names of their writers are familiar words in the mouths of millions. Here are contradictions enough to perplex the most expert of Hegelians, but they are contradictions which, like those of Hegel, may be synthesized quite comfortably, if only you know the trick. The book is a collection of verse translations by Professor Giles, of Cambridge; and the translations are from the Chinese.

It is a faint and curious tone which reaches us, re-echoed so sympathetically by Professor Giles's gracious art, from those far-off, unfamiliar voices of singers long since dead. The strange vibrations are fitful as summer breezes,

and fragmentary as the music of birds. We hear them, and we are ravished; we hear them not, and we are ravished still. But, as in the most fluctuating sounds of birds or breezes, we can perceive a unity in their enchantment, and, listening to them, we should guess these songs to be the work of a single mind, pursuing through a hundred subtle modulations the perfection which this earth has never known. We should err; for through the long centuries of Chinese civilization, poet after poet has been content to follow closely in the footsteps of his predecessors, to handle the very themes which they had handled, to fit the old music to the old imaginations, to gather none but beloved and familiar flowers. In their sight a thousand years seem indeed to have been a moment; the song of the eighteenth century takes up the burden of the eighth; so that, in this peculiar literature, antiquity itself has become endowed with everlasting youth. The lyrics in our anthology, so similar, so faultless, so compact of art, remind one of some collection of Greek statues, where the masters of many generations have multiplied in their eternal marbles the unaltering loveliness of the athlete. The spirit is the classical spirit—that in which the beauties of originality and daring and surprise are made an easy sacrifice upon the altar of perfection; but the classicism

of China affords, in more than one respect, a curious contrast to that of Greece. The most obvious difference, no doubt, is the difference in definition. Greek art is, in every sense of the word, the most finished in the world; it is for ever seeking to express what it has to express completely and finally; and, when it has accomplished that, it is content. Thus the most exquisite of the lyrics in the Greek Anthology are, fundamentally, epigrams—though they are, of course, epigrams transfigured by passion and the highest splendors of art. One reads them, and one is filled, in a glorified and ethereal manner, with the same kind of satisfaction as that produced by a delicious mouthful of wine. One has had a draught of hippicrene, a taste of the consummation of beauty, and then one turns over the page, and pours out another glass. Different, indeed, is the effect of the Chinese lyric. It is the very converse of the epigram; it aims at producing an impression which, so far from being final, must be merely the prelude to a long series of visions and of feelings. It hints at wonders; and the revelation which at last it gives us is never a complete one—it is clothed in the indefinability of our subtlest thoughts.

A fair girl draws the blind aside  
And sadly sits with drooping head;  
I see the burning tear-drops glide,  
But know not why those tears are shed.

"The words stop," say the Chinese, "but the sense goes on." The blind is drawn aside for a moment, and we catch a glimpse of a vision which starts us off on a mysterious voyage down the widening river of imagination. Many of these poems partake of the nature of the "*chose vue*"; but they are not photographic records of isolated facts, they are delicate pastel drawings of some intimately seized experience. Whatever sights they show us—a girl

gathering flowers while a dragon-fly perches on her comb—a lonely poet singing to his lute in the moonlight—pink cheeks among pink peach blossoms; whatever sounds they make us hear—the nightjar crying through the darkness—the flute and the swish of the swing among summer trees—all these things are presented to us charged with beautiful suggestions and that kind of ulterior significance which, in our moments of imaginative fervor, the most ordinary occurrences possess. Here, for instance, is a description of a sleepless night—a description made up of nothing but a short list of simple facts, and yet so full of the very mystery of one of those half-vague, half-vivid watchings that we feel ourselves the friends of the eleventh-century poet who wrote the lines—

The incense-stick is burnt to ash, the  
water-clock is stilled,  
The midnight breeze blows sharply by  
and all around is chilled.  
Yet I am kept from slumber by the  
beauty of the spring:  
Sweet shapes of flowers across the  
blind the quivering moonbeams  
fling!

Sometimes the impression is more particular, as in this charming verse—

Shadows of pairing swallows cross his  
book,  
Of poplar catkins, dropping overhead . . .  
The weary student from his window-  
nook  
Looks up to see that spring is long  
since dead.

And sometimes it is more general—

The evening sun slants o'er the village  
street;  
My griefs, alas! in solitude are borne;  
Along the road no wayfarers I meet,—  
Naught but the autumn breeze across  
the corn.

Here is the essence of loneliness distilled into four simple lines; they were written, in our eighth century, by Kêng Wei.

Between these evanescent poems and the lyrics of Europe there is the same kind of relation as that between a scent and a taste. Our slightest songs are solid flesh-and-blood things compared with the hinting verses of the Chinese poets, which yet possess, like odors, for all their intangibility, the strange compelling powers of suggested reminiscence and romance. Whatever their subject, they remain ethereal. There is much drunkenness in them, much praise of the wine-cup and the "liquid amber" of the "Lan-ling wine"; but what a contrast between their tipsiest lyrics and the debauched exaltation of Anacreon, or the boisterous jovialities of our Western drinking-songs! The Chinese poet is drunk with the drunkenness of a bee that has sipped too much nectar, and goes skimming vaguely among the flowers. His mind floats off at once through a world of delicate and airy dreams—

Oh, the joy of youth spent in a gold-fretted hall,  
In the Crape-flower Pavilion, the fairest of all,  
My tresses for head-dress with gay garlands girt,  
Carnations arranged o'er my jacket and shirt!  
Then to wander away in the soft-scented air,  
And return by the side of his Majesty's chair. . . .

So wrote the drunken Li Po one summer evening in the imperial garden eleven hundred years ago, on a pink silk screen held up before him by two ladies of the court. This great poet died as he had lived—in a trance of exquisite inebriation. Alone in a pleasure-boat after a night of revelry, he passed the time, as he glided down the river, in writing a poem on himself, his shadow, and the moon—

The moon sheds her rays on my goblet and me,

And my shadow betrays we're a party of three . . .  
See the moon—how she glances response to my song;  
See my shadow—it dances so lightly along!  
While sober I feel, you are both my good friends;  
When drunken I reel, our companionship ends.  
But we'll soon have a greeting without a good-bye,  
At our next merry meeting away in the sky.

He had written so far, when he caught sight of the reflection of the moon in the water, and leant over the side of the boat to embrace it. He was drowned; but the poem came safely to shore in the empty boat; it was his epitaph.

Besides their lightness of touch and their magic of suggestion, these lyrics possess another quality which is no less obvious—a recurrent and pervading melancholy. Even their praise of wine is apt to be touched with sadness; it is praise of the power that brings release and forgetfulness, the subtle power which, in one small goblet, can drown a thousand cares. Their melancholy, so delicate and yet so profound, seems almost to be an essential condition of an art which is nothing if not fragmentary, allusive, and dreamy. The gaiety which bubbles over into sudden song finds no place in this anthology. Its poets are the poets of reflection, preoccupied with patient beauties and the subtle relationships of simple things. Thus, from one point of view, they are singularly modern, and perhaps the Western writer whose manner they suggest most constantly is Verlaine. Like him, they know the art of being quiet in verse. Like him, they understand how the fluctuations of temperament may be reflected and accentuated by such outward circumstances as the weather or the time of year. In particular, like him, they are never tired of the rain. They have

realized the curious intimacy of its presence, and its pleasures no less than its desolations.

You ask when I'm coming; alas, not just yet . . .

How the rain filled the pools on that night when we met!

Ah, when shall we ever snuff candles again,

And recall the glad hours of that evening of rain?

But this kind influence which unites can also be a cruel destiny which separates, adding a final bitterness to solitude—

'Tis the festival of Yellow Plums! the rain unceasing pours,

And croaking bull-frogs hoarsely wake the echoes out of doors.

I sit and wait for him in vain, while midnight hours go by,

And push about the chessmen till the lamp wick sinks to die.

That is the melancholy of absence—a strain which is re-echoed again and again among these pages, so that, as we read, we begin to feel that here, in this sad sense of the fragility of human intercourse, lies the deepest inspiration of the book. Poet after poet writes of the burden of solitary love, of the long days of loneliness, of the long nights of recollection—

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open

My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

—the lines might have been written in Chinese. Sometimes the theme is varied; thoughts of the beloved lend a sweetness even to absence—

In absence lovers grieve that nights should be,

But all the livelong night I think of thee.

I blow my lamp out to enjoy this rest,  
And shake the gathering dew-drop from my vest. . . .

Or the poet remembers that, after all, sleep has its consolations. "Drive the young orioles away!" he exclaims—

Their chirping breaks my slumber through,

And keeps me from my dreams of you.

And then, often enough, it is the thought of home that haunts these tender singers—

I wake, and moonbeams play around my bed,

Glimmering like hoar-frost to my wondering eyes;

Up towards the glorious moon I raise my head,

Then lay me down—and thoughts of home arise.

The exile can never forget the beauties of his birthplace—

Sir, from my dear old home you come,  
And all its glories you can name;

Oh, tell me—has the winter-plum  
Yet blossomed o'er the window-frame?

And, when at length he is returning, he trembles and dares not ask the news.

Our finest lyrics are for the most part the memorials of passion, or the swift and exquisite expressions of "the tender eye-dawn of auroran love." In these lyrics of China the stress and the fury of desire are things unknown, and, in their topsy-turvy Oriental fashion, they are concerned far more with memories of love than expectations of it. They look back upon love through a long vista of years which have smoothed away the agitations of romance and have brought with them the calm familiarity of happiness, or the quiet desolation of regret. Thus, while one cannot be certain that this love is not sometimes another name for a sublimated friendship, one can be sure enough that these lovers are always friends. Affection, no doubt, is

the word that best describes such feelings; and it is through its mastery of the tones and depths of affection that our anthology holds a unique place in the literature of the world. For this cause, too, its pages, for all their strange antiquity, are fresh to us; their humanity keeps them immortal. The poets who wrote them seem to have come to the end of experience, to have passed long ago through the wonders and the tumults of existence, to have arrived at last in some mysterious haven where they could find repose among memories that were for ever living, and among discoveries that were for ever old. Their poetry is the voice of a civilization which has returned upon itself, which has achieved, after the revolution of ages, simplicity. It has learnt to say some things so finely that we forget, as we listen to it, that these are not the only things that can be said.

We parted at the gorge and cried  
 "Good cheer!"  
 The sun was setting as I closed my  
 door;  
 Methought, the spring will come again  
 next year,  
 But he may come no more.

The words carry with them so much  
 significance, they produce so profound  
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a sense of finality, that they seem to contain within themselves a summary of all that is most important in life. There is something almost cruel in such art as this; one longs, somehow or other, to shake it; and one feels that, if one did, one would shake it into ice. Yet, as it is, it is far from frigid; but it is dry—dry as the heaped rose-leaves in a porcelain vase, rich with the perfume of how many summers! The scent transports us to old gardens, to old palaces, we wander incuriously among forsaken graves; we half expect some wonder, and we know too well that nothing now will ever come again. Reading this book, we might be in the alleys of Versailles; and our sensations are those of a writer whose works, perhaps, are too modern to be included in Professor Giles's anthology—

Here in the ancient park I wait alone.  
 The dried-up fountains sleep in beds of  
 stone;  
 The paths are still; and up the sweep-  
 ing sward  
 No lovely lady passes, no gay lord.

Why do I linger? Ah! perchance I'll  
 find  
 Some solace for the desolated mind  
 In yon green grotto, down the tower-  
 ing glade,  
 Where the bronze Cupid glimmers in  
 the shade.

G. L. Strachey.

## NAT'S WIFE.

Oh, he won't hurt you. He's nothing  
 but bark. I don't think he could bite  
 you, even if he had a mind, for there  
 isn't above one tooth in 'is head. He  
 don't belong to us by rights, he was  
 a stray—we calls 'im "Stray"—for he  
 came a prowling round 'ere whining  
 and looking so miserable that I 'adu't  
 the 'eart to keep on a-driving 'im away.  
 That's just me all over. I am so regu-  
 lar soft-earted, that if I sees a fellow

creature suffering, well, it makes me  
 as if I'd do anything—in reason. And  
 I'm just the same with dumb animals.  
 And my little boy, 'e says, "Oh, mam-  
 mie, let 'im stay," and it did 'appen  
 as we wanted a dog just then, so there  
 he is! As my 'usband says, he does  
 very well to sit in the front and bark  
 —but I expect one of these days we  
 shall 'ave to get rid of 'im, for 'e's get-  
 ting very old. Well, I've always got a



great feeling for old folks, and I do 'ope that when I gets old myself there'll be those about me to show me kindness, for what with leaving all the things behind you bit by bit, and not knowing what's before you, it must be a very melancholy feel. I thought a deal of my poor mother. She did keep up wonderful up to the last. We buried 'er two years come next Michaelmas, and she went off very sudden. As I always says, there's mercy in all things, and a long doctor's bill is a heavy burden to them as is left, for you don't like your dead to lie in debt. But I'm one of those who sets great store by my own flesh and blood. The family as you're born into is where your duty lies—next after your own home, you know. Of course you can't 'elp it, you're obliged to 'ave them for kin as the Almighty thinks fit, and that's just where luck comes in. Well, I've always 'ad good luck with my family, they've paid their way, and kept respectable, and that isn't what every one can say.

I never feels the same about the family as you marries into. It isn't your own flesh and blood, and your duty don't lie in it any more than it do in your neighbor's garden. If you keep your own weeds down, I always say, it's as much as need be expected of you. Now there's Will's father. Of course an old gentleman about the place as can't do any work, is a bit cumbersome sitting in a armchair all day, and it gives a good bit of extra trouble, but I shouldn't 'ave minded a bit if it 'ad been my own father. I should 'ave felt it's what the Almighty sends you, and it has to be put up with and made the best of. But, as I said to Will, we are a bit crowded here, and will be when the children gets bigger and all, I says, so it's better for 'im to stay on at the farm with Nat and his wife. Then Will's money isn't so very much, and though of course an old gentleman

like 'im isn't what you call 'earty, still he has to 'ave his vittles, and I'm not one of them as could bear to see any one wanting for what I could give 'em, you know.

You see the farm 'ad always been his, and 'is father's before 'im, so it would 'ave been very 'ard to take 'im off the ground. But 'e'd 'ad very bad luck with one thing and another. Bad seasons, and poor crops, and his wife laid by for a year or more, and the butter business falling through. And I believe, from all I 'ear, that 'e was 'elping 'is widowed sister more than 'e ought. She'd got such a family, you know. Any way things went from bad to worse. There was a deal o' business about it, and a deal o' talk. There was money on it or something. I can't follow it all through. Will's told me many's the time, and it seems to go in straight enough when he tells me, but it always comes out in a muddle when I tell it. But anyhow he was bankrupted.

Nat and his wife took the farm on, and the father along with it. She'd a tidy bit of money from her father, and they borrowed a bit more, and started it again. As she says, "Look at Nat's father, and look at mine, the one did all the losing, and the other did all the saving." Well, it's quite true. Her father was the biggest old screw in the country, and never give a copper away, I should say.

You see, as Nat said, the father must 'ave a home somewheres, and, as I says, we're crowded enough 'ere; and his daughter Mrs. Gask, as is married into the drapery line, she said as she knew he'd never make 'imself 'appy away from the farm—and there it was!

He's very broken now. He 'eld 'is head up at first, and bore it very brave. I've often 'eard 'im say as how he's a good bit of work in him yet if the Lord'd spare 'im, and 'ed 'elp Nat pull

it through. He was quite a fine up-standing man then—but he gets so very bent. Of course Nat's wife is a 'ard woman. She's a splendid wife—she's that clean, and such a manager, she turns every threepence into six-pence, as the saying is—but her tongue's like a razor. It's my belief she's sharpened it on the old gentleman till she can't speak without cutting 'im.

I'm sure many's the time I've 'eard 'er say things to 'im that I shouldn't like to 'ave said to me. And Nat's no good with 'er. He's as meek as a lamb when she begins on 'im. Of course she's very 'ard-working, and they say as 'er butter's the best for miles round. My 'usband says 'e wonders the sight of 'er don't turn it sour, but, as I tell 'im, he'd be the very last to say so to 'er face. They're such poor-spirited creatures, men are. They're up in a moment if they get a blow, but a cut with a tongue soon sends 'em off with their tail between their legs. Well, as my poor mother used to say, "The Almighty provides for women creatures by giving 'em a tongue to 'ave ready when it's wanted."

The old gentleman can't do no work now. Of course it was very bitter for 'im at first to keep on at a place where he'd been master. I think as Nat would 'ave let 'im go on ruling it, if it 'adn't been for 'er. But she said—and I dare say it was true—that if he'd managed it right he wouldn't 'ave been bankrupted, and they didn't want no more disgrace in the family. Well, of course she didn't want 'er money thrown away. You can understand that. But 'e's got so shaky he couldn't do anything now. He comes down 'ere at times when he can walk as far. It was only last Tuesday he was 'ere. I was busy with the washing, and I couldn't 'ave 'im sitting about when I was at work, it worries you so. So I just sent 'im off with little Willy into the meadow to pick

cowslips. And when they come in, there 'e was a trying to make a cowslip ball for the children—but bless ye, his fingers have go so fumbly he couldn't do it, and at last 'e give it up. "Oh dear," 'e says, "oh dear, I can't do it, for I think I've forgot how. And I'd use to do 'em for my little lads—but that's so long ago," 'e says—"so long ago." And little Willy says, "Oh mammie, do look at granfer, he's crying"; and I says, "I'll make 'im a cup o' tea presently, I daresay he's a bit tired."

And there, after he'd 'ad 'is tea, he says, "Do you think as you could put a stitch in my coat, I've torn it, and Nat's wife don't like me to make rents in my things."

Well, of course, I was only too glad to do it for 'im, the poor old fellow, and you should 'ave seen how grateful 'e was! You'd 'ave thought that I'd done 'im ever such a favor. And I says to 'im, "Jane's very sharp, but she's very good to you," I says, "and makes you very comfortable"—for I didn't want 'im to get it into 'is head as he'd be better off with me.

"Yes, yes," he says, "oh yes. It's very 'ard 'aving an old fellow about the place as has been so unfortunate. I hope you'll none of you live to be very old. Willy, my little lad," he says, "if your daddy gets old like me, be good to 'im," he says. The child did stare at 'im, I can tell ye.

"Oh, as for that," I says—I always make a point of speaking very cheerful to him, you know—"we must all expect to get old if we lives long enough. And I'm sure no one would be any the better for being told as they're going to die young. It's so discouraging. And after all," I says, "you've a deal to be thankful for"—for he's apt to get a bit grumbling—"and when I'm past work," I says, "I only 'ope I shall 'ave as good a 'ome as you. And I'm sure," I says, "nobody 'ud think of saying anything

against you on account of your misfortunes. I dare say as you did your best, though it did turn out so bad."

And there was Willy a beginning again, "Don't cry, Grandfer," and the baby setting on too, "Don't ky." She is a funny little creature, and ever so forward for 'er age. The old gentleman's very fond of them, and they're very fond of him too. But fancy them a noticing 'im crying! It only shows you how sharp they are.

One day he come down here, and really I couldn't keep from laughing, for he'd got something under 'is coat, and he brought it out so secret-like, and there it was—nothing but a paper of sweeties for 'em! And he says, "Nat's wife 'd say I was a regular old fool wasting a penny, but," he says, "it's only for once in a way." "Why," I says, "I thought after all that fuss as you'd got a watch-and-chain, or something grand a-coming out."

"I 'aven't nothing left," 'e says. "But now and again I can get a penny, and little folks like sweeties." I don't believe as Nat's children takes much notice of 'im. Once when I was up there, he'd got the little boy on 'is knee, and she says, "You put that child down," and then she says quite out loud to me, "I can't abear 'im holding the children, he gets so shaky he'll let 'em fall some day."

I'm sure he heard, for he put 'is hand up to his face, and I saw he was all of a tremble. Nat walked off out of the kitchen. He isn't man enough to stand up for 'im, so he goes out of hearing. You see, when a woman's got the money, it makes her that masterful.

I did think as she was harder than need be when we were there for the baby's christening. There was a tea, and there was Will and me, and our two, and Mrs. Gask and her husband. And as we was a sitting down to tea she calls out to the girl—they keeps a

regular big girl: "Here, Mary, you 'aven't put the newspaper down." I couldn't think what she meant, and the girl got red, and 'er said, "I didn't think as you'd 'ave it with company," and Nat, he looked as confused as possible, but she would 'ave it. And what do you think it was? Why it was a newspaper put on the table where the poor old man sat, as she said, "She wasn't going to 'ave the cloth stopped all over." But it did seem 'ard for 'im.

When we was going 'ome, Mrs. Gask did go on about it. She says she couldn't abear to think of 'er father being put upon like that, but, as she said, it was no use a-saying nothing, for it'd only make it the worse for 'im. "If only we lived in the country," she says, "he should 'ave a home with us. But," she says, "I know what my father is, and if he was took off the farm it'd break his 'eart."

That's where it is. Of course, as I always say, you've got to put up with something wherever you be, and I daresay he'd rather be on the old place. You see, it would be very hurtful to Nat if we 'ad 'im with us, and Will and Nat 'ave always been very good brothers. And *she'd* be very vexed. It'd make such a talk! They'd say as *she'd* drove 'im out. So all considered, he'll 'ave to stay. And of course, as I always tells him, he's got every comfort, and nothing to pay for it. I dare say he feels 'is age, and it makes 'im low-spirited, and take more notice where any one else wouldn't pay no heed.

But, as I say, we all get old in time, and it's no use being mopey over it, after all. It's what we've got to come to. Now hark at that old Stray barking at nothing! Well, he's for all the world like Grandfer for that—and he'd save 'imself some trouble if he'd let things pass by.

And when you've lost your teeth and can't bite, no one heeds your bark.

*Ellen L. Grazebrook.*

## THE APOCALYPTIC STYLE.

The student who from some far-off epoch looks back upon our twentieth-century life, will find one phenomenon to perplex him. The age, he will decide, was more critical than constructive, more expository than original. But when, being learned in precedents, he looks for the familiar traits of a rational and pedestrian era, he will be amazed to discover something very much the contrary in several important departments. He will find sections of the Press and groups of politicians thinking, speaking, and writing in a style which he will correctly describe as "apocalyptic." It is not false rhetoric, or vulgar derelictions of taste; for these in any democracy he will be prepared. The phenomenon will be rather a tremendous solemnity in trivial things, a never-ceasing appeal to the most grave and ultimate sanctions, the swinging of the prophet's tattered mantle from inadequate shoulders. In all ages great men on great occasions have used such appeals. The distinction of our age is that little men on little occasions see fit to parody the practice. In the phrase of Burke, the extreme medicine of the Constitution has become its daily bread. Our observer will be a little puzzled by it all. He will find our journalists and politicians dragging in high Heaven to arbitrate in some petty social problem, which is rather one of administration than of ethics. He will find a contest between Mr. A and Mr. B at some bye-election presented in colors which would befit the strife of Ormuzd and Ahriman. Some tremendous ultimate issue for human nature will appear to be cloaked under the prosaic surface of a struggle between two statesmen for office, or two religious sects for a privilege. The men who make these appeals are in the main sincere; judg-

ing from other evidence, they do not lack intelligence; they are not playing a part, with tongue in cheek, but acting in some kind of way on some kind of principles. Their disease is more subtle than grandiloquence: it is not quite what the French call *grandeur*; perhaps it may be best described as a suburban sublimity. All the essentials of the sublime are there, except the great occasion and the commanding character. The observer, comparing it with other journalistic and platform vices, will probably describe it with Plato as the "lie in the soul" as against the more venial lie on the lips. And, having some knowledge of history, he will wonder how we have so completely forgotten the teaching of our own eighteenth century.

It was the fashion in Victorian days to say hard things of the eighteenth century, since every era is apt to underrate its predecessor. The age in which the British Empire was created, which produced Marlborough and Rodney, Clive and Wolfe; which was dominated by Chatham; which saw the Highlanders march to Derby and the hopeless loyalties of Culloden,—that age was condemned as lacking in romance. The truth is that in no epoch in our long history has the romance of deed and fact been more conspicuous. The eighteenth century saw that for the romantic to flourish it must be nourished and strengthened by what we are accustomed to call common-sense. The true Romantic is not the vaporing young gentleman with odd clothes and exuberant hair, but some such type as those Georgian sea-captains who wore woollen under-clothing and loved food and wine and the solid comforts of the hearth when they were not about their business of fighting. This spirit of high enterprise based on

sound calculations, of chivalry without pose and eloquence without gush, is the romance which is peculiarly eighteenth-century and peculiarly English. Our forefathers are said to have distrusted "enthusiasm," and they would have gladly admitted the charge. They did distrust whatever was opposed to good sense and sane human instinct. They were not afraid of the intellect, and saw no cause to forego the exercise of their native wits merely because a dogma was presented with Sinaiitic solemnity. They did not respect earnestness unaccompanied by intelligence, and why should they? The lesson of the eighteenth century both in literature and politics was that for every matter there is an appropriate style. It could admire the heroics of Chatham while it laughed at the rhetoric of Beckford. We call a man well-bred whose manners are nicely adapted to the varying situations of life. The eighteenth century demanded breeding—which is to say that it asked for a manner adequate to the substance, and rejected what fell short or exceeded.

The so-called Romantic Revival is often described as a revolt from eighteenth-century standards. It was, more correctly, in its best form a natural development. It demanded an expression in literature for a side of life which had never been forgotten by the plain citizen. But the danger of a movement which is mainly literary is that it is apt to go beyond the justification given by the living world. Romance now and then forgot reality, and instead of being a tremendous fact became a literary pose. Della-cruscans and Spasmodics revelled in wild verbiage; emotion turned to sensibility; idealism slipped into transcendentalism; the truths of democracy became the whimsies of revolution. We are not attempting a history of the pathology of literature, so it is suffi-

cient to note the fact that that great and splendid movement, the Romantic Revival, which has so profoundly influenced our modern thought and expression, tended also to make the world forget a truth which is essentially romantic, the eighteenth-century doctrine of the appropriate style. The doctrine is old as Aristotle, and indeed is no more than the belief that facts are the foundation of everything, and that literature as well as statesmanship must keep close to them. It asks for a style organically related to the facts, and maintains that sublime imaginings and exalted rhetoric, being addressed to a human audience, must be in accord with the ancient human sense of fitness.

The degeneration of the romantic movement is one source of the apocalyptic style, but many other springs combined to fill the channel. One was the influence of Mr. Gladstone, for foolish things come frequently from splendid origins. To Mr. Gladstone a grave and prophetic style was the natural medium of thought. He had the great character and, repeatedly, the great occasion which we have laid down as the necessary preliminaries for the exercise of this manner. But he had no humor, and in consequence he would expound the trivial in a style which only his amazing gifts of voice and presence saved from being comic. His devout followers imitated him in his vices. A certain type of Gladstonian donned the giant's robe with sad results. It was easy to copy his solemnity, his incongruous appeals to morality and religion, his lack of common perspective. What could not be copied were the fire, the imagination, the withering passion which accompanied them. There being but one Gladstone and many Gladstonians, the foibles of a great personality became the eagerly sought virtues of a political school. Much is due, also, to the



conditions of our modern cheap journalism. Half-educated writers in the better sort of cheap paper, having to deal with matters about which they are imperfectly informed but more or less sincerely convinced, fall into the apocalyptic style as the easiest. When you are short of arguments it is so much simpler to fulminate and prophesy. But the main source is to be found, perhaps, in the considerable part which Non-conformity has played of late in both literature and politics. In dissent the pulpit and the platform have rarely been distinguishable. The fashion which began with the Puritans of making the august words of Scripture the counters of ordinary conversation has been maintained, perhaps out of a belated sense of romance, by those who believe themselves to be their spiritual descendants. The process is that which we have already observed. Stern men engaged in a contest of life and death may fittingly use the speech of high tragedy; but the same accent becomes comic on the lips of comfortable persons busied with some less vital struggle.

Whatever the cause,—and we leave the analysis to some pathologist a few centuries hence,—the fact is before us. We do not believe that England has lost her traditional phlegm. A Continental observer from a brief study of some of our newspapers might imagine that the nation to a man had been converted to the worst kind of Rousseauism. Of course it is not true. The average Englishman is as solid and sensible as he ever was. But he has got as his official interpreters a number of gentlemen who are resolved to make the world believe that he is a feckless neurotic being, living in a whirl of confused primary emotions. Let us be very clear, however, about what we mean by the apocalyptic style. It is not the ordinary exaggeration of party warfare. Politicians must al-

ways put their case, as a mathematician would say, several powers too high. The fashion has been recognized since first men herded into communities, and the exaggerations, being known for what they are, are innocuous. Wilkes once told Lord Sheffield that he thought Lord Bute a good statesman, but that it was his game to abuse him; and if Wilkes's virile libels were conceived and taken in this spirit, how much more the decorous depreciations of our own day! The men who thundered against Mr. Fox dined with him at Brook's and willingly pocketed his losings. It is allowable to describe every measure of the Government to which you are opposed as the last word in human folly, and every amendment of your own party as a shining instance of human wisdom. It is perfectly fair for one class of paper to portray Mr. Asquith as a brigand without a redeeming virtue, and for another class to show us Mr. Balfour in colors which would have shamed Iago. It is the rule of the game, and nobody takes it seriously. Every one is aware that the much abused public man is as respectable a citizen as the rest of us. The fashion is harmless, because each side knows that it is exaggerating and that the other side knows that it knows this. The sin is only against good taste, and that is not very important.

Nor is the apocalyptic style the false emphasis and gross rhetoric which disfigure so much of our modern journalism and oratory. That incurable romanticist, the public, hankers after splashes of color, and those who cater for its taste provide them. The young lions of "The Daily Telegraph," with whom Matthew Arnold was so angry, were very innocent people after all. They murdered the King's English and jangled the nerves of Culture, but in their own crude way they ministered to an ancient and honorable craving.

We can still find their "lithe," "sinewy," and "nervous" style, their dubious purple, their slipshod heroics, in most columns of the popular press. In literary criticism the thing is rampant. Buoyant gentlemen dispense praise or blame in resounding *clichés* which have long since lost any meaning. In politics it flourishes still more, for there is greater scope for the oriental fancy of the writers in a debate than in a book. One newspaper in especial deals with our sober Parliament in a style which would not be out of place in chronicling the disputes of the Girondists and the Mountain. A murmur of dissent becomes a "low growl of earnest wrath." A bored Minister gets up to reply to an attack, and is no doubt much surprised to learn that "there was something indomitable in his even, fearless gaze." A very bad joke is made: "Liberals were convulsed," runs the comment. There are rules in the game, which must be followed. We used to talk of "the nation," but the correct phrase is now "the popular heart," and the correct epithets for the organ are "deep," "rough," and "holy." You must never by any chance speak about the "working men"; the right phrase is "the toilers," and you will greatly increase the effect if you manage to refer to their "dumb strivings" and "passionate discontent." These examples come from one side of the House, but you can get nearly as good from the other. In the days when Imperialism was prominent on platforms and in newspapers, there were many striking examples of dithyrambic prose. There is very little harm in it all. Its only faults are vulgarity and silliness, which can do small mischief to readers already steeped in these qualities. It might even be argued that the writers in their odd fashion are doing a public service. They preserve the glamor of politics for the average man. Just as a reporter in the Press

Gallery maintains the dignity of Parliament by straightening out a stuttering incoherent speech into some semblance of argument and grammar, -so the people who write so flowerily of representative government encourage the desirable belief that there is something in it. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

The apocalyptic manner has some kinship with what we have just described, but it differs from it in one important point. Its offence is not only against good taste. It is not used solely for popular effect or as a convention in party warfare. There is in it always an appearance of conviction, of desperate earnestness, which distinguishes it from the merely literary vices we have glanced at. Its vice is not literary, but moral. Let us repeat its definition. The apocalyptic style means the habitual use of the most solemn appeals on behalf of trivial, or at anyrate inadequate, causes. Its favorite counters are conscience, honor, patriotism, morality, righteousness and religion. It seeks to raise every question to that exalted plane where the ultimate battles of humanity are fought. It cannot discriminate between pedestrian matters which belong properly to the sphere of opportunism and common-sense and those grave problems which are in their essence spiritual, and to which no consideration of expediency or practical wisdom can ever apply. It is a misplaced seriousness, which stales by foolish use the weightiest sanctions of life.

It will be at once retorted by some devotees of the manner that to serious eyes all things are of the most serious, and that it is only to a shallow analysis that there is any separation between the finite and the infinite. As a proposition in metaphysics this is indisputable. No doubt to the poet and the philosopher a flower in the wall contains the universe, and our most trivial

problem, when pushed to its final issue, involves the laws which keep the planets in their courses. There is a school of writers who win a cheap originality by harping on this truism. A little easy dialectic can break down all our current definitions and show that every quality shades into its opposite; that black is only black because it is also white; that the comic is more tragic than tragedy; that progress is backward and reaction advance. It is largely a trick of words with a thin philosophical justification behind it, and when used in its proper place the trick is harmless, and even pleasing. But the grasshopper becomes a burden when he carries its antics into the practical sphere. The world is conducted by means of certain definitions in language and thought on which we consent to agree. To be perpetually upsetting these definitions is to make yourself for practical purposes a nuisance. A lawyer, who, instead of interpreting the law as he finds it, endeavors to expound the anomalies of all human justice, will make a very bad business of his case. It may be perfectly true that to the seeing eye a pot of beer contains all the stars, but this is not a relevant argument for or against a reform of our licensing system. The truth is that we are beginning to be cursed in the practical business of life with belletristic jargon. We are losing our sense of relevance, and importing into the practical sphere considerations which have no meaning there. There is a danger, in a word, of our forgetting common-sense—which we may define as a wise appreciation of the working rules of human society. To drag those alien immensities into a prosaic argument is to be guilty not only of silliness, but of impiety. At Oxford, in the days when appeals to the Divine were more common in philosophy than happily they are to-day, a certain examiner is believed to have

set as the first question in a philosophy paper, "Write down what you know of God, and do not mention Him in any subsequent answer." To speak with all reverence, Heaven has no more to do with formal logic than formal logic has to do with Heaven.

The writers of the apocalyptic school, to do them justice, would not adopt this flippant line of defence. Their justification is that they are in earnest, that they believe in certain truths, and think it right to testify to the belief at all seasons. They are men of some intelligence and numerous convictions; but the two things are divorced in their minds. Their creed, being largely based on emotion, forbids them to weigh fully the meaning of their tenets. Having reached their belief by some kind of rational process, they prohibit reason from any further activity. They wield the fine weapon of faith like a bludgeon, and use it for servile tasks for which it is wholly unfitted. If a Toledo blade is used to poke the fire or stir the pot, it will soon lose its temper and may haply damage the fingers of those who degrade it. For the purpose of argument we assume that the convictions, of the use of which we complain, have been honestly reached and are fervently held. We credit the apocalyptics with both intellect and morals. What we wish to show is that by these methods they are doing their best to degrade the sanctities in which they believe.

Let us take as our first instance the use which is made of the patriotic appeal. It will show us the vice in its least harmful form, and yet undeniably a vice. A fashion has grown up among some writers of arrogating to themselves the defence of national well-being, and treating their opponents as traitors to this cause. Now mark what the accusation means. A man who is not a patriot does not merely blunder in his views of na-

tional policy; he blunders intentionally, for he wishes the nation ill. It is a comparatively rare temperament, and in its mingling of vanity and inhumanity it is the most detestable temperament on earth. The unpatriotic man is born without the homely instincts and faltering loyalties which ennoble human nature. The spectre of his bloodless self stands between him and his kin, his race, and the whole world of men. His first thought is for his own posturing figure, and his last dwells in the same dismal region. To call a man unpatriotic, therefore, is to saddle him with an awful charge. Liar and debauchee are less damning accusations. But when the term "unpatriotic" is flung about casually, all that the writers mean is that the object of their attack is mistaken in his views of national policy. It may be A's conviction that the safety of Britain requires the addition of ten millions to the naval estimates and compulsory military service. It may be B's conviction that we should economize on service expenditure so that wealth may fructify in private pockets, and that any form of compulsion on the citizen weakens his ultimate force of resistance. But both aim at the same thing—the security of Britain: they differ only in the means. Neither of them is unpatriotic, and to scatter that charge lavishly is to weaken one of the most appalling terms of condemnation in the language. A man who loves his country may be wrong-headed and dangerous, but he will never be unpatriotic. There have been unpatriotic men in our history: they exist to-day; they will continue to exist till they are wiped out at Armageddon. If we are to preserve this weapon of attack—the patriotic appeal—sharp and bright, let us be very careful how we use it for irrelevant purposes. To call a man unpatriotic when you mean that he is stupid, is to be guilty of the central fault of the apoc-

alyptic style. It is to use a solemn appeal on an inadequate occasion. Those who toss about an ultimate sanction so lightly are open to the charge of deficiency in serious passion. The man who loves his country best cannot be apocalyptic in his tone. He is modest in the presence of so great a cause—a cause which is certain and simple, however complex be the rest of his creed. The words of the most moderate patriot will be those of Halifax, the father of all moderates: "Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things; in one thing only he cometh near it. His country is in some degree his idol. . . . For the earth of England . . . there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser."

This misuse of the word "patriot" has been admirably exposed by the critics of a school which on all other matters is sworn to the apocalyptic. The vice is confined, as we have said, to no single party; but as with one side it is associated with false appeals to national pride, so on the other it may be known by its false moral fervor. The humblest of the questions of the day is turned into a case of conscience. By a strange and most short-sighted intolerance, difference of opinion is assumed to involve a difference of moral code. At a recent bye-election the successful candidate received a wire from a club of supporters congratulating him that the "forces of hell had not prevailed against him." The phrase is typical of the whole apocalyptic attitude. To these writers the world is a device in ink and snow—the radiant child of light and the scowling sons of darkness. The audiences at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons are enjoined to ask themselves what their Lord would have done had He been in their case—and their case is probably a County Council election. The advocates of the

feeding of school children at the public expense enforce their appeal with the text "Suffer the children." Take any half-dozen contemporary measures, and you will find wonderful specimens of apocalyptic hysteria. The opponents of Old Age Pensions, for example—honest gentlemen, as sincerely anxious as any one to find some remedy for the condition of the poor,—are described as aged Giant Popes gnashing toothless gums as they see the Christians and Greathearts of progress breaking into their dark citadels. Those who refuse to sanction a rash scheme to relieve unemployment are, in this fashion of speech, monopolists who gloat over human misery. There is no need to multiply instances. Sometimes the tone is that of the street preacher, sometimes that of the decorous moralist in his study, but the essential quality does not change. In it all there is the same prostitution of sacred things to trivial purposes. It is not the ordinary rhetoric of politics. That may be often vulgar, but it is never impious. That confines itself to mundane things, and does not paw the ultimate verities. The apocalyptic manner declines to deal with questions on the plane to which they naturally belong. It declines to give them, therefore, their logical and legitimate consideration. It insists on elevating them to a moral or religious plane with which they have, for the practical purposes of life, no earthly connection. Do its votaries, we wonder, never stop to consider that a case must be bad indeed when for its defence they appeal to conscience rather than to reason?

One such appeal has been so prominent of late years that it is worth fuller notice. Under the Education Act of 1902, Nonconformists of various persuasions were compelled to pay rates, part of which went to the upkeep of Church Schools. These ratepayers did not "hold with" the teaching in

Church Schools, and very naturally they disliked paying for it. Let us be very clear as to the nature of this objection, for it is important to the argument. The Nonconformist did not regard Church doctrine as definitely immoral; he merely thought his own better, as he had every right to think it. What he objected to was that one religious faith was getting preferential treatment from the presumably impartial State, and if this annoyed him seriously he was entitled to seek redress by every means in his power. Passive resistance may have been bad policy, but it was at any rate straightforward and intelligible. But unfortunately his lay and clerical leaders saw fit to describe their revolt as one of conscience, and to lay claim to the title of martyrs. Yet there was no suggestion of conscience in the matter. If they had considered Church teaching as something really wicked, then it would have been their conscientious duty not to rest till they had abolished the Church root and branch. By continuing as citizens of the State they would have been sharers in its iniquity. But of course they had no such view. What they asked was "their rights," as a London cabman does when he is underpaid. A cabman who protests in intemperate language against the smallness of his fare and is promptly arrested is as much a sufferer for conscience' sake as any passive resister. It is a mere accident that the subject-matter of the dispute was concerned nominally with religion. The point at issue for passive resisters was as purely secular as the cabman's. We have no desire to minimize the Nonconformist grievance. Let it be all they claim for it, and it still has nothing to do with conscience. A noble appeal was degraded when a political agitation claimed the sanction which sent a Latimer to the stake and a More to the scaffold.

The strife about indentured labor in



South Africa saw the climax of the apocalyptic style,—at least we would fain hope that such amazing heights of extravagance could not be exceeded by a sane people. To a few honest souls, who were incapable of looking squarely at facts, and were at the mercy of words and their emotional associations, Chinese labor may have really appeared to be a monstrous thing, wholly outside the pale of argument. But it is perfectly certain that such people were few in number, and too unimportant to influence opinion seriously. The apocalyptic writers had sufficient intelligence to appreciate the difference between such a form of labor and slavery; but the distinction which they would make in thought they could not or would not embody in words, because of the style to which their souls were in bondage. There were weighty arguments against the experiment—political arguments, social arguments, economic arguments; even, in a limited sense, moral arguments. But few of these were brought forward either by press or platform. The whole question was treated in a curious vein of pulpit eloquence. It was a "stain upon the honor of Britain," a "prostitution of human dignity," a "gamble in human lives," a "living sacrifice to Mammon." A remarkable anthology of apocalyptic abuse might be compiled on the subject. It is easy to slip from honesty once the restraints of good sense are withdrawn. It was only a short step from such appeals to the picture of Chinamen in chains, with its most logical companion piece of bloated Celestials jeering at emaciated British workmen, with which for a bad season the hoardings were garnished. It was another short step to a public repudiation of such methods when their work was done, and a belated return to accurate speech. We would credit the writers of this school as a rule with earnestness and honesty, but it is an honesty

which in its very nature must be separated by only a narrow line from cant.

Our argument is directed only against the abuse of such appeals, not against the appeals themselves. We object to their becoming a method, because in their very nature they are exceptional and abnormal. Given the adequate occasion, and they constitute the most moving type of human eloquence. The great masters of oratory have used them at critical times in the history of the nation. You will find them in the speeches of both the Pitts. Burke, at the height of his great argument, has metaphors and appeals which

"tease us out of thought,  
As doth eternity."

Disraeli had moments when the glitter of his fireworks seemed to change to the lightnings of heaven. Bright, pleading against war, could summon to his aid the invisible company of angels; and what man alive in the last forty years does not remember passages when Gladstone seemed to forget the party leader in the prophet? With the greatest the manner is frequent, for the great occasion is common; but even with lesser men, the occasion may give the inspiration which warrants the manner. If we had to select a perfect instance, we would take Chalmers' reply to a foolish critic who recalled the early days when he was busied with mathematics rather than the care of souls. "Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity." Another instance is Lincoln. He transacted the business of life in phrases of a home-spun simplicity. He never fell into the turgid heresies which disfigured most of the

Northern oratory. But when the great occasion came, as in the Gettysburg speech, he could reach a height of sublimity to which the nineteenth century saw no equal. It is the same in literature as in oratory. Carlyle, living at white heat and seeing far into the foundations of society, can wear the mantle of Isaiah with dignity, but those who have nothing of Carlyle except his lack of nice discrimination appear only as mountebanks in the garb. Ruskin had the trick of looking at everything *sub specie aternitatis*, but he was a master of prose, and he had the imagination and insight of a poet. Besides, the eternities were his business; he was professedly writing a kind of philosophy, and attempting to show how metaphysics were intertwined with the thread of our common life. He was apocalyptic, but apocalypse happened to be his aim, and the manner was therefore in season. It is of the Carlyles without grip and the Ruskins without poetry that we complain. That fatal phrase *sub specie aternitatis* has fallen into a use of which Spinoza never dreamed. It is capable of an easy emotional interpretation, and cheap culture has taken it to its heart. Half the fools who muddy the waters of argument will quote it to justify their treasons against sense.

The trouble is that the thing is not a vice of vulgar people with sordid aims, but of men endowed with a certain degree of character and intelligence. The apocalyptics are in earnest, and they have wits enough to keep them straight if they cared to exercise them. We are all familiar with the type of popular paper—and for that matter of popular speech—that dances attendance on the mob, and will give it any food its capricious appetite may seek. Such performances are bad enough, but after all they only heighten the vulgarity of what is already vulgar, and debase what is already beyond hope. They

appeal to common and trivial passions, and put the instincts of the gutter into gutter language. We call those responsible for them frivolous, and the reproach is deserved. But is there not a far more dangerous frivolity in those who prostitute the most solemn appeals to trivial purposes? The first vice is only vulgar, for it uses degraded weapons; but the second degrades the finest weapons in our mortal armory. The apocalyptics offend against light, which is recognized by theology as the unpardonable sin.

There are three consequences which must flow from the manner. The first is the mental and moral degradation of its practitioners. The style is a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. The writers have forgotten what Stevenson has aptly called the "plety of speech." The world of facts in time will cease to exist for them. The powers of observation and thought which depend upon a spiritual *ascesis* will become atrophied. Just as certain poets are said to have seen landscape in ready-made blank verse lines, so they see all problems in the shape of a few well-worn emotional *clichés*. The appeals themselves lose all meaning for the appellants. Their solemnity departs, and they become lack-lustre tricks of speech doing duty in a mechanical round. A second consequence is that the business of criticism is badly done. Useful criticism must be *in pari materia* with the thing criticized. It would be absurd to condemn a romance because it had not enough of the Gospel in it, and it is equally ridiculous to criticize a policy from a standpoint which has no relation to it. Every human institution is in need of criticism, but to be effective that criticism must be relevant. The case for the attack or the defence needs to be put, but it cannot be put by means of a harmonium or even a dignified organ. Finally, the apocalyptic style

must lead to the cheapening of serious things in the public mind. If the ultimate appeals are used for common matters, there will be no further appeal left when the matters are uncommon. It is conceivable that some day we may have to fight an anti-social monopoly, but who will listen to men who have clapped the name of monopoly to a dozen types of legitimate enterprise? The old love of liberty is declining, and some day a new form of slavery may arise, but the cry of slavery will have grown meaningless from farcical use. Honest men may yet have to band themselves against unpatriotic forces, but how weak will be the patriotic appeal! Conscience—the right of the individual to his own sacred things—may once again have to be defended, but a new word must be found, for the old will have lost its majesty. Those who busy themselves in denouncing differences in policy as lack of patriotism, breaches of public honor, or stains upon national moral-

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ity, are spoiling the weapons of attack against real disloyalty, real dishonor. This is, indeed, the gravamen of the charge. That the writers are demoralizing themselves is their own lookout; the relevant criticism which they decline to give will be provided elsewhere, but the degradation of a weapon of the first importance concerns us all. Stimulants do not long keep their potency, and people reared on them are not only spoiled for wholesome fare but become insensible to the stimulant itself. The result must be that when something of desperate import has to be said and a problem is before them for which language is too high, the apocalyptic school will find that nobody pays the slightest attention. They may plead their hardest, but the public, dulled to such appeals, will remain smiling and apathetic. The cry of "Wolf" will have been raised too often, and familiarity will have begotten its proverbial offspring.

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## BOASTING.

Almost every one is inwardly convinced that boasting, especially in its simplest form, is a highly penal offence. We dare not do it. Open exultation in continued good fortune is hardly heard among the educated. When we talk about "my luck" we mean ill luck; though when we speak of some one else's luck we are as often as not alluding to a constantly recurring happy chance. Yet even in this primitive manner we all feel the impulse to boast. It is one of the temptations common to man, but we refrain from fear of consequences. We should like to express and to repeat our assurance that we are not as other men, but we know better. If now and then, by a slip of the tongue, we offend in

this respect, we instantly and openly acknowledge our folly and take back our words. "Unberufen!" we cry, though we may have said nothing more audacious than that we are immune from some common complaint or that our speculations always succeed. Should any man forget the formula which is supposed to protect from the evil effects of vainglory, his friends will say it for him; and should he obstinately declare that such fears of retribution are superstitions, they may probably agree in words with his abstract proposition, but inwardly they will prepare for the worst, and will certainly not be surprised to hear that poetic justice has overtaken him in one form or other. So strong is this feel-

ing that, should misfortune happen to the boaster, all his acquaintance have a secret feeling that he has brought his punishment on his own head, and got what he deserves. Only those friends are sorry for him who would not like to see him get his deserts in any circumstances. Unless affection forbids such a feeling, a certain sense of satisfaction takes possession of the spectator when the most innocent boaster is put to confusion by events. Foolhardiness undertaken for no possible good rouses annoyance, not sympathy. The boaster knew the common result of his action, the onlooker reflects. He was sure to suffer for his ill-judged words. Why did he not think of that before he spoke? Others have escaped because they were more wary. Some very sensitive people will reproach themselves even for an inward boast. They experience a passing shadow of foreboding, and instinctively regard any small happiness which may come to them immediately after as a grace of which they were just then specially unworthy.

Naturally we know, when we think seriously about the matter, that all this is nonsense,—that nobody brings upon himself any calamity by boasting of his immunity. The thing is unthinkable. The course of events cannot be changed by an idle speech, and even the least reverent would hesitate to ascribe petty or spiteful attributes to God Almighty. But the impulse to cry "Absit omen!" in some form or other is one which cannot be controlled by argument, and which no changes in creed or circumstance seem to affect.

The manners of the world reflect its inward conviction in this matter. By no code is the boaster held guiltless. His whole circle is in league to trip him up. In the East all appearance of boasting is avoided with a ludicrous scrupulosity. Even here we make use of moderately self-deprecatory for-

mulas which, while they deceive no one, testify to the common sentiment. All the same, human nature must find an outlet. In some men the longing to boast, especially of their prowess or their possessions, is so persistent as to be irresistible. They know better than to do it directly, and their futile efforts to deceive Providence, their acquaintance, and themselves as to what they are doing when boast they must make excellent material for the satirist. The humblest among us will hardly be able to search his memory without admitting that he has been impelled to do it from time to time in such a manner as he hoped might elude the watchfulness of fate or his critical neighbors. There are so many ways of leading an interlocutor to infer the speaker's goodness, cleverness, presence of mind, or worldly prosperity without positively telling him about these advantages, and if the insinuation is sufficiently delicate, the boaster always hopes that his offence may be overlooked. The hunger for approbation is universal, and joy in possession is a joy which seldom exists except in company. All desire for secret possession—like that of the miser—savors of aberration. Half the delight of a gift in the mind of a child is the pleasure of showing it. If only we can succeed in persuading ourselves and our friends that it was not ostentation but simplicity which made us do it, we shall get real pleasure out of an occasional boast. But woe to the man who is detected! He is always rewarded with shame. One can imagine a hero who broke any one of the Ten Commandments, but not a hero who was accustomed to boast. The effect of the advantage he boasts of is instantly nullified by the fact of boasting, and very few critics have the insight to realize that ease of detection is often in inverse ratio to the heinousness of the offence.

How can one account for this strange

moral instinct,—for we are sure that it has a moral origin, and is not the mere outcome of superstitious servility? It is difficult to say; but the fear of it is universal and so ineradicable that it must trace back to some fundamental principle of human progress. Does it offend in any way against the social instinct? We are inclined to think it does. It is no doubt an expression of individualism in its most offensive form. The man who boasts asserts his own superiority, whether he ascribes it to luck or wit, and separates himself, consciously or unconsciously, from his fellows. He does not assert the superiority which would rule, and therefore weld, or the separateness which is the inevitable outcome of exceptional gifts, but the superiority which springs from contempt and the separateness which tends to disintegration. It is a curious fact of human nature that humility draws forth from the world almost as much admiration as courage. As in the case of courage, it is almost impossible wholly to condemn a character in which we see it, and without it the greatest virtues leave us cold. If every good word which the Pharisee said of himself were proved true, we should still dislike him. We even dislike his modern and far less offensive descendant, the prig. A good man without humility serves to bring goodness into ridicule. All the truly lovable characters in fiction are embellished by it, and the fact that in its counterfeit form it is so keenly re-

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sented is only one more proof of the esteem in which it is held. We are all furious when we have been imposed upon by an imitation of the irresistible. It may sound cynical, but there is only one quality which ensures love, and only one quality the absence of which precludes it, and that is forgiveableness, a quality which depends for the most part upon humility. The forces of moral criticism and righteous indignation are disarmed when they are brought into contact with it. The justification of the publican in the parable may be illogical,—it is inevitable.

It is possible, too, that boasting may outrage something in the nature of man even higher than the social element. A sense of dependence upon invisible powers is one of the few things which, so far as we know, he does not share with the animals. Even if a man believes in nothing better than Nemesis, his outlook is wider than that of a person who believes in nothing but himself. He may rise to the spiritual heights of the great Greek tragedians, but self-sufficiency is a strong tether which keeps its victims tied altogether to earth. The man without any sense of spiritual dependence must remain for ever utterly commonplace. These explanations only very partially explain why the corporate conscience of the world regards boasting as symptomatic of moral disease, and instantly applies to it the cautery of fear. Where all creeds, ages, and countries are in agreement, it is perhaps better to give in than to reason.

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### THE KAISER'S OVERTURES.

Few documents have been published in our time of more poignant interest than the one which the *Daily Telegraph* was privileged to give to the world on Wednesday. We take its authenticity

for granted not only on the strength of the journal in whose columns it appeared, but because of the inherent credibility of its contents. We may not be sure that we are reading in



every line the Kaiser's *ipsissima verba*, but we may be quite sure that his opinions and emotions are here faithfully reproduced and that the statements attributed to him are substantially the statements he made. Taking the communication, therefore, at its face value, what does it amount to? Its chief purpose appears to be that of convincing the people of this country not only that the Kaiser is their friend but that it is one of his dearest wishes to live on the best of terms with them. The scepticism and mistrust with which his professions of good-will are received in Great Britain he takes as nothing less than a personal insult; and he is at a loss to understand why the British people should so completely have given themselves over "to suspicions unworthy of a great nation." Let us admit at once that there is much in what the Kaiser says under this head that cannot be well refuted. It is indeed open to anyone to reply that the German suspiciousness of British policy has taken far more extravagant forms than the British suspiciousness of German policy. That we hold to be the bare fact. But it is none the less the fact that for the past decade there has been much that was irrational and unjust in the attitude of certain British journals towards the Kaiser and the German Government, though never, so far as we know, towards the German people. On both sides of the North Sea the tendency to misinterpret, to impute motives, to look for hidden and sinister explanations has been flagrant and injurious; and though the worst excesses have been perpetrated in Berlin, we cannot deny that London has not been free from blame. The document published this week is a case in point. It has been widely commented on as an attempt to sow distrust between Great Britain, France and Russia. It is treated as a Machiavellian stroke of policy on the part of the Kaiser. Yet

there is not the smallest evidence to show that the Kaiser either prompted or approved its publication; its author explicitly announces its appearance as a "calculated indiscretion" of his own; and all the probabilities of the case are against the theory that the Kaiser could be so ignorant of British opinion as to suppose that his revelations of what happened during the Boer war could affect the Triple Entente of today. Yet we do not doubt that to a great many people in England the "interview" will appear in the light of a premeditated bombshell hurled against the Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente.

Of this sort of thing there has been enough and more than enough. There is no reason for doubting that among the many movements of the Kaiser's mind friendship for England, sympathy with various aspects of English life, and admiration for some of England's achievements hold a not inconstant place. We do not mean that he has always spoken well of us; to a man of his temperament a uniform suavity is probably impossible. But that his personal inclinations as an individual make him well disposed towards us we see no reason for disputing. The Kaiser is fully entitled moreover to dwell upon the occasions when his benevolence passed beyond the amiabilities of after-dinner rhetoric and took shape in deeds. No one can question that he braved more than a little unpopularity among his own people when he refused to receive the Boer envoys, when he took part in Queen Victoria's funeral, and when he decorated Lord Roberts. It is true that self-interest coincided with good-will to produce these manifestations of regard. It is true that it was not until the Boer cause was palpably and irretrievably lost that the Kaiser gave any overt sign of his British sympathies. It is true also that a word from him might have dammed the flood of calumny that

poured over our troops, and might have modified very considerably the tone in which his responsible Ministers spoke of English policy. But for what he publicly did the Kaiser must in fairness be allowed some credit. We now learn that he was active in our cause in ways that neither his people nor our own suspected. He even went so far as to draw up a plan of campaign for our benefit, an amusingly officious venture that the Boers at any rate may be expected to relish. Moreover, he took the first opportunity of letting the British Government know that projects of intervention, suggested by Russia and seconded by France, had only come to naught because of Germany's resolve to steer clear of any "complications with a sea-Power like England."

Now it is the fact that Russia proposed and that France was not unwilling to entertain a scheme for putting pressure on Great Britain to end the South African war. We can afford to forget it nowadays or to remember it without a trace of vindictiveness, merely as a relic of an unhappy period in our diplomatic history. But the reason why the scheme fell through was that Germany's co-operation in it was made conditional on a formal acquiescence by France in the permanent loss of Alsace-Lorraine. M. Delcassé thought the price too high and the conspirators disbanded. It was not from any kindly feeling towards us, but simply to serve the ends of her European policy that Germany put forward the stipulation which killed the project almost before it was born. The Kaiser was as willing to sacrifice England for the sake of Alsace-Lorraine as to sacrifice the Boers for the sake of placating

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England. It is here we touch the weak spot in the Imperial professions of friendship. They are personal to himself as a man and do not, except in minor matters of form and ceremony, affect his conduct or policy as German Emperor. The prevailing sentiment among large sections of the German lower and middle classes is, as he says, unfriendly to England; and no ruler can afford to separate himself for long from the dominant opinions of his subjects. If it were worth while we could easily show, and without the least intention of "insulting" the Kaiser, that the good services to England which he enumerates have been more than offset by things said and things done that wore anything but a friendly air. It is however not worth while, for the reason that the Anglo-German problem is essentially one of large and fundamental facts and is not to be changed, though it may be modified, by the private attitude and volition of this or that individual, however exalted. The growth of the German navy, operating upon the Anglophobia of the bulk of the German masses, is the vital and enduring fact. No declarations of personal good-will, however sincere, can alter that fact or disguise its profound significance. It governs all British policy in Europe, and must long continue to govern it. The increase of sanity and perspective in our national attitude towards Germany, the abandonment of trivial and undignified suspicions, even the unreserved acknowledgment of the Kaiser's personal friendship for our country, only serve to emphasize the naval issue between the two nations as one that involves nothing less than a fight for life.

**SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.**

For a man of science forty years ago to treat the phenomena of occultism as worthy of consideration was to run a serious risk of being deemed a charlatan. It is very different now. The pioneers of psychical research, Professors De Morgan and Crookes, and Mr. A. R. Wallace, have not merely hewn a broad path through the jungle of prejudice, but have drawn after them a large number of men and women of the highest standing in the intellectual life of these and other nations. Among the active psychical researchers of today we find eminent physicists such as Lord Rayleigh, Professors Ramsay, J. J. Thomson, Barrett, Lodge, psychologists such as Professors W. James, Stanley Hall and Richet, anthropologists like Lombroso and Ferri, many of whom have not merely abandoned the blank incredulity of a generation ago, but have advanced far towards a state of positive acceptance of facts and interpretations which their predecessors would have dismissed scornfully as "old wives' tales." This striking change of attitude is well worth investigation. A nidus for the new culture was doubtless furnished in large part by the litter of decaying dogmas, religious, scientific, and philosophical, which strewn the latter part of the nineteenth century. The general trend of the scientific interpretation of nature and of man has been away from the hard-shell determinist materialism of the mid-Victorian era towards more spiritual conceptions and terminology. The abandonment of the older molecular theories to meet the more fluid demands alike of modern physics and modern chemistry; the growing recognition, alike from the side of biology and of psychology, of an underlying unity of mind and matter; the insistence of phi-

losophy that this unity shall be expressed directly in terms of consciousness, as Professor Darwin expressed it, on Wednesday, in his address to the British Association, rather than in other terms that are unmeaning until they are reduced to consciousness—all this march of modern thought has helped to concentrate more and more attention upon the study alike of the normal and the abnormal phenomena of the human mind.

But this new stimulus to psychology would not alone account for the modern zest for psychical research. Still more potent has been the influence of the transformation of religious thought and feeling wrought by the combined impact of Biblical criticism and the wider evolutionary teaching. Among many intellectual men of a definitely religious cast of mind, the liberative influence substituted for a creed of dead miracles, embedded in a distant past, a more living and glowing apprehension of a growing spiritual order in man and the universe, which not only preserved but enriched the significance of the human soul, opening wide the gates of spiritual revelation in this life and another. The claim of priests and churches to an exclusive interpretation of spiritual things could be no longer maintained, and many busy souls set themselves reverently to an exploration of the mind of man in the fuller light of evolution. But there is the best reason to believe that the strongest impulse towards psychical research in its narrower sense came from another religious effect, viz., the shock which the new biology had dealt to the theological supports of the belief in human immortality. Many intellectual men and women found that, amid the decay of many accepted dogmas, all assurance of a personal life

after death for themselves and for those they loved was slipping from them, and that the loss was fraught with anguish and despair. It is important to recognize that this craving for a support for the belief in personal survival has not merely underlain the acceptance of spiritualism by large numbers of men and women, here and in America, but was directly responsible for the organization of psychical research upon scientific lines. Though the research itself has, for the most part, been conducted in a seriously scientific spirit, which seeks to banish prejudice and to apply the sternest tests of evidence, it must not be forgotten that the desire to ascertain whether positive proofs of spiritual survival could not be found was a chief motive of the founders of the study. Certainly the leading investigators have shown, both in their researches and in the controversies to which they have given rise, a singularly high standard of intellectual integrity, setting, in this regard, an excellent example to modern controversialists in some of the "exact" sciences. But we doubt whether they have realized the havoc which so powerful an interest is capable of making in processes of reasoning so delicately subjective as most of those upon which they have to engage.

Two works before us, both able and lucid expositions of the positive achievements of modern psychical research "A New World of Thought," by Professor Barrett (Kegan Paul), and "Occultism and Common Sense," by Beccles Willson (Werner Laurie) seem to illustrate this inherent defect of their science. So long as the researcher keeps within the wonderland of psychology, dealing with mesmerism, trance, hypnotism, and thought-transference, he is sufficiently remote from the central craving to preserve a sane judgment upon the worth of evidence. In those fields psychical research has

made genuinely scientific progress, though much deceit and error have grown up with it. The evidence of double or alternating personality, stores of sub-conscious knowledge, and direct psychical communications among the living, is so strong and various as to convince open-minded readers of the existence of many unsuspected powers in the mind of man. Though the evidence of clairvoyance, and of what are termed the "psychical phenomena" of *séances*, such as rappings, the raising of bodies, &c., involves some radical changes in our conception of the material world, these changes are not really more wonderful than those involved in such modern miracles as wireless telegraphy or x-rays. No one doubts that matter, as well as mind, contains such powers as yet unused or undiscovered. We do not know that we are yet prepared to give full acceptance to the case of Mr. Home floating mid-air between the windows of two adjoining houses. As a guess we would rather set down such cases to collective hypnotism. But our intellectual constitution would not be wrecked if such "interference" with the law of gravitation were proved to be possible. Of thought-reading, the direct imposition of thoughts and feelings by one mind upon another, access to knowledge forgotten, or only known to lower centres of consciousness, involving, perhaps, the notion of a universe vibrating with psychic as with physical energy, there exists a large amount of substantially sound evidence.

But when we are invited to pass from such enlargements of ordinary knowledge to the acceptance of premonitory dreams, disclosures of past occurrences known to no one, and the appearance of disembodied spirits, we are impelled to pause and contemplate the chasm which separates these phenomena from the others we have just described. How future events can be

imaged in the present, how a trance-subject can learn facts that never have been known, how a "soul," having shed its body, can simulate to the senses that body and its former clothing—these things are no extension but a contradiction of the whole round of human experience. Therefore, their adoption and incorporation in our mind upon the sort of evidence that is adduced spell intellectual chaos. It is true that we must, as reasonable beings, "go where the argument leads us," but we shall do well to scrutinize the evidence very closely. In this task we have the able and skilled assistance of Mr. Podmore, whose latest volume, "The Naturalization of the Supernatural" (Putnam), is a forcible criticism of the nature of the reasoning in these processes of psychical research. As we cross the borderland of abnormal psychic experience into the realm of objective spiritual phenomena, the ground appears to crumble beneath our feet. While valid instances of phantasms of the living and other psychical projections abound, the ghostly visitants from "another world" who bide our question, baffling both physical and ordinary psychical interpretations, are extremely few. The fact that many men of intellectual eminence think otherwise carries little weight when due allowance is made for the incessant working of the craving for positive proofs of human survival. There is, first, the selection of persons interested enough to pursue such enquiries, a condition which probably disqualifies

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the very men whose judgment is coolest and whose scrutiny is keenest. Next comes the necessary or contrived obscurity of the setting in which the phenomena appear, involving grave possibility of error in clear and continuous observation. Then we have to reckon for the treachery of memory and records conducted in an atmosphere of excitement; and, finally, there is the tendency to prefer interpretations which support a strongly preconceived and deeply cherished idea. The most thorough training in disinterested science affords little security against the twin perils of mediumistic trickery and honest self-deception. Both these elements abound both in ordered *séances* and in sudden chance invasions of ordinary experience by the abnormal. As Mr. Podmore shows, among the best attested instances of prophetic visions or "revenants," where the separate testimony of several eye-witnesses is given, the genuine independence of these witnesses is almost always open to doubts, which, in the nature of the case, cannot be resolved. It does not seem as if the researches of members of the Psychical Society have yet surmounted these difficulties, which beset the task of proving inductively the survival of human personality. Such proof may not be impossible, but it must be very difficult. And we are afraid the evidence tendered hitherto is not strong enough to convince those who approach it without a positive bias towards acceptance.

### MEKTUB.

All Tangler knew the Rubio, the fair-haired blind man, who sat upon the mounting-block outside the stables of the principal hotel. His bright red hair and bleared blue eyes, together with his freckled face, looking just like

a newly scalded pig, had given him the name by which the Europeans knew him, although no doubt he was Mohammed, something or another, amongst his brethren in the faith.

He spoke indifferently well most Eu-



ropean languages up to a point, and perfectly as far as blasphemy or as obscenity was concerned, and his quick ear enabled him as if by magic to ascertain the nationality of any European passer-by, if ever he had spoken to the man before, and to salute him in his mother tongue.

All day he sat, amused and cheerful, in the sun. Half faun, half satyr, his blindness kept him from entire materialism, giving him sometimes a half-spiritual air, which possibly may have been but skin deep, and of the nature of the reflection of a sunset on a dung-hill; or again, may possibly have been the true reflection of his soul as it peeped through the dunghill of the flesh.

As people passed along the road, their horses slithering and sliding on the sharp pitch of the paved road, which dips straight down from underneath the mounting-block of the hotel, between the tapia walls, over which Bougainvilleas peep, down to the Soko Grande, El Rubio would hail them, as if he had been a dark lighthouse, set up to guide their steps.

By one of the strange contradictions, which Nature seems to take delight in just to confound us, when after a few thousand years of study we think we know her ways, the Rubio had a love of horses which in him replaced the usual love of music of the blind. No one could hold two or three fighting stallions better, and few Moors in all the place were bolder riders—that is, on roads he knew. Along the steep and twisting path that leads towards Sparte he used to ride full speed and shouting "Balak" when he was sent upon a message or with a horse from town out to the villas on the hill. All those who knew him left him a free road, and if he met a herd of cattle or of sheep the horse would pick his way through them, twisting and turning of his own accord, whilst his blind

rider left the reins upon his neck and galloped furiously. In what dark lane or evil-smelling hole he lived no European knew. Always well dressed and clean, he lived apart both from the Moors and from the Europeans, and in a way from all humanity, passing his time, as does a lizard, in the sun and in the evening disappearing to his den. The missions of the various true faiths, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Anglican, had tackled him in vain. Whether it was that none of them had anything to offer which he thought better than the cheerful optimism with which he was endowed by nature to fight the darkness of the world he lived in, is difficult to say. Still, they had all been worsted; not that the subject of their spiritual blandishments could have been termed a strict Mohammedan, for he drank any kind of spirits that was presented to him by Christians, anxious perhaps to make him break the spirit if they were impotent to move him in the letter of his law. Still though he sat with nothing seemingly reflected on the retina of his opaque and porcelain-colored eyes, his interior vision was as keen or keener than that of other men. He never seemed a man apart, or cut off from his fellows, but had his place in life, just as throughout the East the poorest and most miserable appear to have, not barred out from mankind by mere externals as are their brethren in the North, shut in the ice of charity, as bees are shut behind a plate of glass so that the rich may watch their movements in the hive.

Up from the Arab market over which he sat, as it were, presiding in his darkness, just as God seems to sit, presiding blindly, over a world which either mocks him, or is mocked at by him, there came a breath of Eastern life, bearing a scent compounded of the acrid sweat of men, dried camel's dung, of mouldering charcoal fires, of spices,

gunpowder, and of a thousand simples, all brought together by mere chance or fate, a sort of incense burned in his honor and agreeable to his soul. It seemed to bring him life, and put him into touch with all he could not see, but yet could feel, almost as well as if he saw just as did other men.

Sniffing it up, his nostrils would dilate, and then occasionally a shadow ran across his freckled face, and as he ran his hands down the fore legs of the horse left in his charge, marking acutely any splint or spavin they might have, he used to mutter, half in a resigned, half in an irritated way, "Mektub," the sole profession of his faith that he was ever heard to make, for if a thing is written down by fate, it follows naturally that there is somebody who writes, if only foolishly. Whether the mystic phrase of resignation referred to his condition or to the possible splint upon the horse's leg, no one could tell, but as the shadow passed away, as quickly as it came, he soon fell back again into the half-resigned good humor of the blind, which, like the dancer's lithographic smile, seems quite involuntary.

Years melted into one another, and time sauntered by, just as it always must have sauntered in the town where hours are weeks, weeks months, and months whole years, and still the hum of animals and men rose from the Arab market, and still the shadows in the evening creeping on the sand seemed something tangible to the blind watcher on his stone. Not that he cared for time, or even marked its flight, or would have cared to mark it, had it been pointed out to him, for life was pleasant, the springs of charity unfailling, wit ever present in his brain, and someone always had a horse to hold, to which he talked, as it stood blinking in the sun. His blindness did not seem to trouble him, and if he thought of it at all, he looked on it

his part and parcel of the scheme of nature, against which it is impious to contend. Doctors had peered into his eyes with lenses, quarrelled with one another on their diagnoses of his case, and still the Rubio sat contented, questioning nothing, and enduring everything, sun, rain, wind, flies, and dust, as patiently as he were a rock. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that he ever once again could see. Plainly, it had been written in the books of fate he should be blind, and so when European doctors talked to him of operations and the like he smiled, not wishing to offend, and never doubting of their learning, for had not one of them cured a relation of his own of intermittent fever by the use of some white magic powder, when native doctors after having burned him with a red-hot iron, and made him take texts of the Koran steeped in water, had ignominiously failed?

All that they said did not appeal to him, for all of them were serious men, who talked the matter over gravely, and looked on him as something curious on which to exercise their skill. All might have gone on in the same old way, and to this day the Rubio still sat on his stone without a wish to see the horses that he held, the sunlight falling white upon the towers, or the red glare upon the Spanish coast at eventide, had not a German scientist appeared.

From the first day on which the Rubio held the doctor's horse a fellowship sprang up between them, not easy to explain. No single word of Arabic the doctor spoke, and all the German that the Rubio knew was either oburgatory or obscene, and yet the men were friends. Tall and uncouth and with a beard that looked as if it never had been combed, his trousers short and frayed and with an inch or two of dirty sock showing between them and his shoes, dressed in a yellowish alpaca

jacket, and a white solar topee lined with green, the doctor peered out on the world through neutral tinted glasses, for his own eyes were weak.

Whether this weakness drew him to the blind, or if he liked to hear the Rubio's tales about the Europeans he had known, to all of whom he gave the worst of characters, calling them drunkards and hinting at dark vices which he averred they practised to a man—not that he for a moment believed a single word he uttered, but thought apparently his statements gave a piquancy to conversation—the doctor never said. Soon Tangler knew him for a character, and as he stumbled on his horse about the town, curing the Arabs of ophthalmia and gathering facts for the enormous book he said he meant to write upon North Africa, his reputation grew. The natives christened him "Fâther of Blindness," which name appeared to him a compliment, and he would use it, speaking of himself, complacently, just as a Scotsman likes to be spoken of under the style and title of the land he owns, although it be all bog. Though in the little world of men in which he lived the doctor was a fool, in the large field of science, he was competent enough, and when he proved to demonstration to the other doctors in the place that a slight operation would restore the Rubio's sight, they all fell in with it, and though for years the object of their care had held their horses and they had seen him every day, without observing him, he now became of interest, just as a moth becomes of interest when it is dead and put into a case with other specimens.

Whether the sympathy that certainly exists between wise men and those whose intellect is rudimentary, and which is rarely manifested between a learned and an ordinary man, prevailed upon the Rubio to submit himself to the ministrations of the German

man of science, Allah alone can tell. A season saw the mounting-block deserted, and tourists gave their horses to be held by boys, who tied them by the reins to rings high in the wall, and fell asleep, leaving the animals to fight and break their bridles, and for a time no stream of cheerful blasphemy was heard, in any European tongue, from the usual guardian of the stone. In a clean unaccustomed bed in a dark corner of Hope House, the missionary hospital, the Rubio lay, his head bound up in bandages, silent, but cheerful, confident in the skill of his strange friend, but yet incredulous, after the Arab way.

During the long six weeks, what were his thoughts and expectations it is difficult to say. Perhaps they ran upon the wonders of the new world he would inherit with his sight, perhaps he rather dreaded to behold all that he knew so well and so familiarly by touch. He who, when like a lizard he had basked against his wall, had never for a moment ceased from talking, now was silent, and when the doctor visited him, to dress his eyes, and make his daily diagnosis of the case, answered to all the words of hope he heard, "It will be as God wishes it to be," and turned uneasily between his unfamiliar sheets. At last the day arrived when the doctors judged the necessary time had passed. No one in Tangler was more confident than was "the Father of Blindness," who went and came about the town buoyed high with expectation, for he was really a kind-hearted man, learned but simple, after the fashion of his kind.

At early morning all was ready, and in the presence of the assembled doctors of the place, with infinite precaution the dressings were removed. Cautiously and by degrees, a little light was let into the room. Holding his patient's hand and visibly moved, the German asked him if he saw. "Not

yet," the Rubio answered, and then, throwing the window open wide, the sunlight filled the room, falling upon the figure in the bed and on the group of doctors standing by expectantly. It filled the room, and through the window showed the mountains standing out blue above Tarifa, the strait, calm as a sheet of glass, except where the two "Calas" cut it into foam. It fell upon the cliffs which jut into the sea below Hope House; upon the hills of Anjera, and on the bird-like sails of the feluccas in the bay, filling the world with gladness that a new day was born. Still on his bed the Rubio lay, pale with his long confinement, and with

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his hands nervously feeling at his eyes. All saw that the experiment had failed, and with a groan the German man of science buried his head between his hands and sobbed aloud, the tears dimming his spectacles and running down upon his beard. With a grave smile the patient got out of his bed, and having felt his way to where he heard the sobs, laid his rough, freckled hand upon the shoulder of his friend, and said as unconcernedly, as if he had not suffered in the least, "Weep not; it was not written"; then, looking round, asked for a boy to lead him back again to his accustomed seat upon his stone.

*R. B. Cunningham Graham.*

## NOVEMBER, 1907: NOVEMBER, 1908.

### A CONTRAST.

It is just twelve months since New York was shaken by the great crisis to which the present depression is primarily due. The year has been a troubled one, and even now there is not much in the situation from which we can draw encouragement; but we may at least be thankful that the political disturbances—the turmoil in the Balkans and the hubbub of the Presidential election in America—have come this autumn instead of last. It is not pleasant to think of what would have happened if the financial panic had coincided at once with the European political crisis and the oratorical campaigns of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft. The comparative ease with which the various Stock Exchanges passed through the recent war scare, and the fact that no English firm of any size was ruined by the slump in prices may serve to point the contrast between the position now and the position a year ago, when important people were "talked about," and cases of insolvency were common. How far would Consols have dropped if the New

York depositors had started their run on the banks at the same moment that Austria threw down the glove to Turkey?

The contrast between the two years, indeed, is so remarkable that, even at the risk of re-treading old ground, we may count the changes which have taken place, and recapitulate some of the main points of difference. To begin with the money market. At this time last year, as we showed in our money article a week ago, the stock of coin in the chief banks of the world was some £80,000,000, or 20 per cent., less than the sum held by them at the present time; credit was already extended to a dangerous point, and there was still the worst of the American crisis to be faced, and the heaviest demand of depositors to be satisfied. Our own Bank rate, which is now  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., rose in a week from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 per cent.; the Reichsbank raised its rate to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; the Bank of France to 4 per cent., and the Austro-Hungarian Bank to 6 per cent. But in spite of these

defensive measures the drain of gold to America continued, and it was an open question whether we should get through to Christmas without the declaration of an 8 per cent. minimum from the Bank of England. The strain entailed by these high monetary rates was naturally enormous, and reports which we published at the time from many representative British industries proved how severely it was felt, not merely by stockbrokers and financiers, but by commercial men in every walk of life. Thanks to the long warning that had been given and the admirable way in which the Bank of England met the crisis, actual failures in this country were comparatively few; but in the United States, in Germany, in Holland, and in South America a number of merchants and manufacturers collapsed because they could not borrow money enough to support their credit. Now money is something of a drug, and the difficulty is not to borrow but to lend; profits, indeed, are lower, but the strain has gone, and there is no feeling that the City is living from hand to mouth. But unhappily, though the strain no longer presses on the City it is still felt—and felt far more strongly—by the working classes, who are now in the worst position they have known for some years. In our own country the percentage of trades unionists unemployed was 4.6 per cent. in November, 1907; it is 9.6 per cent. now. In the Eastern States of America there are, according to friendly estimates, one and a half million men out of work, and in Germany the municipalities have been forced to the desperate remedy of starting relief works, and are spending large sums out of the rates to make a census of the unemployed and support the workmen and their families. Last autumn it was the financiers who were in trouble; this year it is the working men. The one evil is the necessary sequel of the

other, and until we have learnt the art of avoiding panics we shall not master the secret of employment.

In the industrial world the position has been enormously altered since last November. Manufacturers have been relieved from the pressure of dear money and the high prices of commodities, but demand has fallen off proportionately, and in every great manufacturing centre abnormal activity has been succeeded by abnormal slackness. In the first seven months of the year British foreign trade declined by about 10 per cent., and American foreign trade by 17 per cent., while there is a corresponding loss in the figures of all the continental countries. Our index number of prices, which will be brought up-to-date in next week's issue, fell from 2,457 at the end of September, 1907, to 2,168 at the end of August, 1908, and although there has since been a marked recovery it is still impossible to say whether prices have returned permanently to the higher level. Last year the most sensational decline was, of course, in the price of copper, which fell by 40 per cent. in about three months, and touched £60 per ton at the beginning of the crisis. Since that time the quotation, though fluctuating from day to day and week to week, has been, on the whole, more steady, and is almost exactly the same now as it was twelve months ago. In fact, many competent observers believe that commercial interests would have been better served if American speculators and producers—not merely of copper but of iron and steel—had held out less firmly for their high prices, and had allowed the value of metals to fall with the general decline in trade. For some months the managers of the Steel Corporation fought desperately to maintain their quotations, and as long as they fought the consumer, so long did their business decline; whereas now that they have recognized the ele-



mentary rules of supply and demand their business is beginning to revive, and the quarterly reports show unmistakable signs of recovery. The truth is that in times of depression salvation lies in cheap prices of raw material and food, and a combination to render commodities artificially dear is the heaviest incubus that could be placed on industry. Fortunately the price of wheat is about 5s a quarter lower now than it was a year ago, and from the cheapening of this primary commodity, Great Britain, in common with every other country, should derive the greatest benefit. If only the American harvest had turned out as well as the Wall Street optimists anticipated, the prospect of a general recovery would be a good deal nearer.

The changes with which we have hitherto been dealing—changes in the money market, in employment and in industry—all result naturally and inevitably from a breakdown of credit; given the crisis, they might all have been predicted in more or less of detail. But on the Stock Exchange the year's events have been more obscure, and the course of prices more difficult to follow. The accepted theory that cheap money brings business to the stock markets has been partially confirmed, and the position of dealers and brokers is certainly better now than it was last autumn; but the change has not been altogether satisfactory, and the improvement in prices has come at unexpected points. American railways, which have been worse hit by the depression than any other, have risen

very rapidly, and the average price of twelve leading stocks is now 98½, against 77½ last November, so that there has been a change of 21½ points, or 28 per cent. We have never understood, and we still do not understand, what justification there is for this sudden appreciation. Mining securities have also risen to a much higher level, but here there is a valid reason in the improvement of the industry, and the permanent reduction of working expenses. Consols, meanwhile, which ought to gain most from a 2½ per cent. Bank rate, have risen very little, and stand only two points higher than at the end of October twelve months ago. At one time this year they rose as high as 88, but they have sunk back gradually and still show little signs of recovery. The weakness of the gilt-edged market is not easily explained, but in so far as it results from the fear of more issues of Irish Land stock it must continue until the finance of the Act has been satisfactorily arranged. This is a point that a good many of us overlooked when we prophesied a rising gilt-edged market on the strength of cheap money rates. Whether we are yet in sight of the trade recovery is a point on which no one is likely to dogmatize; but it is significant that the most recent trade returns of America, of the United Kingdom, of France, and of Belgium show a simultaneous increase, and we may hope that "the dim signs on the horizon," of which the Prime Minister spoke last week, will prove to be the dawning of a better day.

## DISCURSIONS.

## HOOKS AND EYES.

*Scene—His dressing-room. Time, 7.45.*

*He has just come up to dress for dinner.*

*He has taken off his coat, when there is a knock at the door.*

*He. Halloa!*

*She (outside). Can I come in*

*He. Yes, certainly. What do you want?*

*She (entering). Charles! You'll be late again; and you know the Lampeters are the soul of punctuality. Now do try to be in time.*

*He (testily). I'm trying as hard as I can, but I don't think you can help me, you know. I can beat the record right enough if you'll only leave me alone. (Proceeds to unbutton his waist-coat.) Do clear out. Why, you're not ready yourself. Your dress isn't done up behind.*

*She. That's just it. I want you to do it up. Poor Eliza's got a sick headache, and the other maids are so busy and so clumsy I don't like to take up their time. I wish you'd do it for me, there's a dear.*

*He. Right. I'll do it; but it'll make me late, you know. Let's have a look. (He approaches her, takes the back of her dress in hand, and begins operations.) Hooks? Yes, I see the hooks, but I'm hanged if I can see any eyes. Yes, here's a little Johnnie all ready for his hook. Got him. Three cheers. Where the— No, that's the wrong one. Here he is. Missed him! Do, for heaven's sake, keep still! How do you expect me to do you up when you're wriggling about like an eel? Now you've got your front to the light. Turn round. (He seizes her violently and whirls her round.)*

*She. I'm not a top, Charles.*

*He. I don't care what you are, but I'm going to get this beggar of a hook in or—*

*She (faintly). Oh!*

*He. Don't yell like that. It only puts me off. Now, then, all together. Whoo—oo— No, he's out again. Come back, you little— Aha, would you? Plop! he's in. Stop! Stop!! STOP! !! (He stands off and contemplates his handiwork with a look of despair.)*

*She. What is the matter? You'll have the whole house in here if you shout like that.*

*He (wildly). They've all got loose again. As soon as ever I put number four in the other three simply romped out with a rush, and—(inspecting)—yes, they've taken number four with them. I must start again. (He does so.) That's one. (He places his thumb firmly on number one, and proceeds.) No, you don't. You'd better come quietly. There.*

*She (looking over her shoulder into the glass). I knew you'd do it, Charles. You've missed the two top eyes.*

*He (madly). Do you mean to say I've got to take 'em out again?*

*She. Yes; look at the top. It laps over. D'you see? Oh, oh, oh! Don't put your knuckles into my backbone. I shall be black and blue, and what will they all think? Take it quietly, quietly, quietly. You'll tear it to strips. Oh!*

*He (between his clenched teeth). Don't struggle. It's useless. I'm going to do this infernal job if it keeps me here till midnight. One! got him. Cheer up. They're coming along. Heave ho! Hooked, by Jove! Now we shan't be long. Want votes, do you? With dresses like that? Why—*

*She. Well, you've got a vote.*

*He (still working). What's that got to do with it?*

*She. Fancy giving a vote to a man who can't get a hook into its own little*

eye. Charles, I'm ashamed of you.

*He.* Oh, do be quiet. If you'll only shut up for half a minute—I've torn my finger on something. Get in, won't you, get in. (*Screaming.*) They're all out again! (*He sits down on a chair and mops his face.*) It's no use, old girl, I can't do it, and my finger's bleeding, and I've only got five minutes for dressing. You'll have to go down with your dress undone. Tell 'em it's the new style—all the duchesses dine like that now—no self-respecting woman ever dreams of doing up her dress—tell 'em any old story. (*He rises painfully and takes off his waistcoat. There is a little knock at the door.*)

*She.* Come in.

[*Enter a little girl, aged about 8, in a pink dressing-gown.*]

*Little Girl.* I thought I heard you call, mummy.

*Punch.*

*She.* Yes, darling, I did. I wanted you badly. Now stand on that footstool and fasten up mother's dress, just to show Dad how it's done. (*The little girl does the whole business without a break in about half a minute.*) Thank you, darling. (*Kisses her.*) Now come away back to bed. (*To Him.*) Hurry up, Charles. There's a ring at the door. It's the Lampeters. I'll make an excuse for you. We're going now, unless you'd like Polly to stay and tie your white tie.

*He.* Oh, do go, and let me dress.

(*They go.*)

*He (alone).* Now to bust the record. (*He looks at the white shirt laid out for him.*) No studs in it. Where are they? And that tie's no good. Must wear it all the same. Now for it.

[*Left struggling with his dressing, while the guests assemble downstairs.*]

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The latest volume in the Popular Library of Art, of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers, is devoted to that strange and whimsical genius George Cruikshank, and is written by W. H. Chesson. It is a well-proportioned study of the eccentric and imaginative caricaturist, fifty or sixty of whose drawings are reproduced in the accompanying illustrations.

Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour," is a novel made from a play in which thought transmission is one of the chief agents; in which defects, thought to be hereditary and incurable, are removed by suggestion, and a strong-willed, able-bodied man is forced by suggestion to act against his own interest. The story is interesting, although the chivalric, brave, self-sacrificing gambler is anything but real. Harper & Brothers.

The brief story of Hero and Leander has been extended by Professor Martin Schütze into a brief spectacular drama in which the Priest of Venus Urania in Lesbos figures as restraining Hero from deserting her duty to marry Leander, and from creating a scandal by lighting his way across the straits. The entire action is included in a few days, and the clearly written dialogue and the arrangement of the scenes would make the presentation of the play perfectly possible. As a reading drama it is somewhat fragmentary, but its ingenuity is undeniable. Henry Holt & Co.

Badpai, otherwise Pilpay, is a sage known to all Southern and Eastern Asia, and for seven or eight centuries known to Europe, and the versions of his fables are countless, but his name is unfamiliar to most American chil-

dren, and they will fancy that Miss Maude Barrows Dutton's "The Tortoise and the Geese" contains tales by a new writer. Her version is clear and simple and Mr. E. Boyd Smith's illustrations are perfect. Nobody portrays a conceited beast so well as he, and the varieties of strut to be found in this group of pictures should make well-mannered modest little boys and girls of the readers. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Marion Harland's portrait is the frontispiece of "The Housekeeper's Week" under which title she instructs the fourth generation of her fortunate disciples. In this work she first describes and directs the special work of each day; then she tells what should be done every day; and lastly she tells something about all the processes of cleaning and repairing and recuperating omitted in the early chapters. Even the care of the sick, and bathing find a place somewhere in the 450 pages. If anything be omitted a search for topics not mentioned in many other manuals has been invariably successful in this. Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Mr. Joseph B. Ames's "Pete, Cow Puncher" is not the wild creature who shoots up the town, but a young New Yorker who, feeling mentally unfit to fulfil his father's ideal of graduating from Yale, goes to Texas hoping to like "cow-punching." The hard ugliness of some of the work does not dismay him, the charm of the wide spaces and clean air entrances him, and when his father comes in search of him he finds his boy repentant, respectful, but sure that his feet are set in the right path for him. The story is not likely to lead any young reader to Texas, or to rebellion against paternal authority, but it cannot but interest any boy with a taste for knowing many sides of life. Henry Holt & Co.

The melancholy death of "Ouida" sets her last work beyond the pale of just comment on the faults due to her temperament, although all of them appear in "Helianthus." It is a romance of a non-existent European kingdom, the hero being a prince of the royal house, the heroine the great-grand-daughter of a patriot, the victim of the reigning sovereign, and its burden is the cruel fate of one held fast in the invisible bonds enmeshing royalty, and the general depravity of royalty itself. The book had been read in proof by the author, and although left unfinished, its ending is evident, and it is as well worth reading as any of her work. The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Edith Ogden Harrison, author of "The Flaming Sword and other Legends of the Earth and Sky," explicitly requests that "in offering her fancies to the public there shall be no confusion of her imaginative legend with the true Bible story." It is easy for an adult to obey her, but a child is likely to be misled by such straightforward statements as that which she makes in regard to the position of Heaven in the star Alcyone. The Tales are written in tastefully chosen and well-phrased words, and their atmosphere is calm and beautiful. Miss Lucy Fitch Perkins's pictures in black and white are always good, and some of them are excellent in their illusion of star-strewn sky-heights. A. C. McClurg Co.

No one else has quite the knack of Mr. E. V. Lucas in the making of anthologies. There is an indescribable flavor, an impress of originality in his selection and grouping of quotations which gives them fascination. Last year he gave us a delightful anthology of children's poetry, and a whimsical and charming collection of letters under the title "The Gentlest Art." This year his anthology is for women and

of them "The Ladies' Pageant" (The Macmillan Co.). In it he has grouped from scores of sources old and new tributes to women, studies of them and gentle gibes at them, in prose and verse. The book is attractively printed and bound and makes a pretty companion to "The Gentlest Art."

The hero who rescues a beautiful child from a life of ignorance and poverty, and educates her in order to make her his wife; a Cumberland Mountain quarrel between families; and an unsuccessful land speculation, are not new themes for fiction, but, braid them into one strand, make the hero a strong but entirely unpretentious man; give the little girl pride in the bravery of her family and warm love for her humble friends and kindred, and bestow upon their enemies and hero courage and cunning, and the elements of a new story will be the result. Add to it an easy, unaffected style, and a fair description of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" appears. Mr. John Fox, Jr. is a formidable rival for his predecessors in the same field, but it is wide enough for them and many another. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Sydney at College," Miss Anna Chapin Ray's 1908 book for very young girls, differs from all other stories of girls in American colleges in setting the girl from Canada and the girl from the United States in contrast, and criticizing both more thoroughly and more beneficially than would be possible by taking each separately. The criticism is not formal; it is given in talk and incident, and is a very good story, with an English peer of the funniest kind to contest with the American and Canadian man. Bungay, bad little Bungay of the earlier Sydney books, is present and obliges with two songs. In the Grand Central Station, to the confusion of his family, he sings, "There was a bear, Without a hair, Who climbed a

tree, And he did see, A bee!" There is very little of Bungay, but he is effective as a hornet. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Character of Jesus," by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers), contains twenty-six discourses preached on Sunday evenings in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. They present Jesus from the human point of view, as very man, while they do not impeach or exclude His Divinity. Each sermon emphasizes a single trait of the Master's character, His sincerity, His originality, His optimism, His patience, His courage, etc. Addressed primarily to "the man in the street" or to men just come from the street, they make no pretensions of critical profundity. They are direct, forceful and appealing, and from the printed page they convey somewhat the same impression of reality and vividness which must have moved the congregation to which they were addressed.

Good "bad spelling" is rare, and the ignorance of nearly all who attempt it flames even beside the scarlet sins of the dialect writer, but in Miss Grace Donworth's "The Letters of Jennie Allen" one finds something like the errors of the schoolboy, and entirely different from those of the reformed speller. Apparently the letters come from the pen of an ignorant seamstress, and are addressed to a member of the San Francisco relief committee of Providence; in truth, they were the work of a mischievous member of the committee, who, after the success of the first one or two, set herself to make an artistic piece of deceit. Jennie tells everything that happens in the household of which she is a member, and her punctuation is as the punctuation of Flora Finch and her logic as the logic of Mrs. Nickleby. She is deliciously absurd, especially when read



aloud, and her spelling is nearly perfect. Jennie's sayings will be the innocent jokes of the season in many a household, and it will be strange if she does not make her way to the platform. Small, Maynard & Co.

The late Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens made himself so large a circle of readers by his novels and plays that the "Memory" by "J. O. G. D." of Philadelphia, prefacing "Tales from Bohemia," a volume of his short stories now first published in book form, will be highly appreciated by thousands of readers. It is a charming little sketch, showing the ways by which Stephens passed to his place as a successful author. Originally he was a phonographer, a creature not quite so rare in the United States as J. O. G. D. seems to think, but not conspicuous because he is always at work, somewhere between the National Capitol, where he is supreme, and the nether deep, as he deems it, where flounder the stenographers. The tales were written during a sad passage of the author's life, while he and his mother were helping one another to bear her suffering from a fatal disease, and they follow a French fashion of making a single incident reveal a character, the incidents being taken from the author's experience and observation. The slightest possible thread of connection unites them, but each is complete in itself, a good piece of artistic work, relic of an author whose whole strength went forth in whatsoever he set his hand to do, and who died too young. Mr. Wallace illustrates the tales by eight clever pictures agreeing with text, most uncommon of merits. L. C. Page & Co.

Miss Agnes Repplier's annual volume has come to be the consolation of those Americans sometimes tempted to wish themselves English that they might be natives of a country in which essayists still study the art of writing, in-

stead of patching together the latest tags from plays and slang from the gutter. Miss Repplier's writing is invariably the culmination of long reading, deeply enjoyed, and pleasantly remembered, and her "A Happy Half Century" crowns some especially happy study of the years intervening between 1775 and 1825, in England a period fertile in authors of strong characteristics and interesting product, and she treats them and their work in a manner all her own. Under the head of "The Perils of Immortality" she discusses the vexations which fate heaps upon the successful author in compensation for his fame; the paper headed "When Lalla Rookh was Young" sets forth the droll outbreak of sham Orientalism in English literature and in English society after Moore published his most elaborate piece of work. "The Correspondent" celebrates the memory of the immense volume of words sent by post in the days when a letter was a luxury; "The Novelist" dwells upon the severe modesty of the current fiction of the time; "On the Slopes of Parnassus" mercilessly sketches some of the mistaken souls who dreamed of poesy but to whom the genuine numbers never came, and "The Literary Lady" is in the same vein. To-day, the literary lady lives only in the vocabulary of the "saleslady," but at this safe distance she is a highly amusing figure. "The Child," "The Educator" and "The Pietist" minutely describe three types, "The Accursed Annual" and "The Album Amicorum," two products of the time, and "Our Accomplished Great Grandmother" portrays a creature recurrent in the producers of decalcomanie, patchomanie, the abominable crazy quilt, and the photograph-frame of crossed straws. The very brief preface points out the real value of these subjects in spite of what some might deem triviality, but no study of Miss Repplier's is trivial. Houghton, Mifflin Co.